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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Managing Editor FREDA KIRCHWEY

Literary Editor MARK VAN DOREN

Contributing Editors

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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WE ARE IN DEEP in Nicaragua. The policy of attempting to regulate the internal affairs of little Latin American republics has led us from one misstep to another. If it were not tragic the situation would be comic. The latest scene is the landing of several hundred United States Marines to prevent the revolution which the United States Minister to Nicaragua had invited. How deep we shall sink into the bog of Nicaraguan politics remains to be discovered. We landed troops in 1912, and did not get them out until 1925. Then we withdrew, following the election of Carlos Solorzano as President. Solorzano was shortly deposed by General Emiliano Chamorro, veteran of a dozen revolutions. We refused to recognize Chamorro, although he obviously controlled the country. Our Minister invited the chiefs of the political parties to the Legation and told them that, while opposed to violent measures, the United States could not and would not recognize Chamorro, and earnestly hoped for the restoration of the constitutionally elected Solorzano. Solorzano's friends took the hint; they started a revolution. It threatened to succeed. Thereupon the hoary old story of "protection of foreign life and property" appeared on the stage. We rushed warships to both coasts. When the revolutionaries were about to take Bluefields, the government commander appealed to the Marines to save the foreign property. They saved it—and saved Bluefields for the Government too. Meanwhile, two American army aviators who have been engaged in training Nicaraguans to drop bombs flew over the sea hunting—and bombing—the revolutionaries' supply ships

IN SHORT, THE UNITED STATES is fighting a Central American war. In the 1912 campaign the Marines—under the redolent Smedley Butler—killed 3,000 Nicaraguans. They may get out of the scrape more lightly this time, but it is plain that Washington's meddling endeavors to produce a nice, constitutional government in Nicaragua have produced not constitutionality but more warfare. On the other hand, we may get in even deeper than we did in 1912. We refused to recognize Chamorro on the ground that he came into power in violation of the Central American treaty of 1923. But it is reported that the latest Nicaraguan revolution was organized in Guatemala, which would be another violation of the Central American treaty of 1923. That treaty forbids each Central American country to allow its territory to be used as a base for military operations in any other Central American country. If it was our duty to enforce the 1923 treaty by encouraging revolution in Nicaragua, is it not our duty to enforce the same treaty against Guatemala? This business of serving as a tutorial maiden aunt to all the naughty little boys of the western hemisphere has its drawbacks.

CARMI THOMPSON behaved like an American gentleman when faced with the possibility of trouble in Zamboanga, Mindanao, where Moros and Christian Filipinos meet on almost equal terms. While the local commandant, Major Allen Fletcher, leaped fences in his eagerness to get the President's representative away from the pro-independence Filipinos, Mr. Thompson listened patiently to everybody, belittling the "misunderstanding" which led the Filipino crowd to break the agreement and flood down to greet him on the pier. He heard without comment the clear charge that American army officers had engineered the anti-independence demonstration, feeding and housing the demonstrators in the army barracks, then moved over and listened to the other side. Apparently the chief incident was the hot excitement of an American major who made trouble by his own nervousness. The Moros and the Filipinos get along together well enough when Americans let them alone. It does not help to predict, as Leonard Wood did, that they will be enemies forever because they have sometimes been enemies in the past. Governor Wood was at Zamboanga looking for trouble two days before the "incident"; he returned immediately afterward; and instead of calming excited passions he delivered a public curtain lecture to the Filipino patriots in a fashion which could not possibly do anything but aggravate racial and religious prejudice. If there is any less worthy occupation for a governor-general we do not know what it is.

SIX MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS, headed by General Jose M. Rangel, spent thirteen years in a Texas prison because one Mexican serving as an American deputy sheriff

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was killed in 1913 when the Mexicans sought to cross the Rio Grande. They have just been pardoned by Governor Miriam Ferguson after years of vain petitions for their release by President Obregon, President Calles, Samuel Gompers, and William Green. The case against these Mexicans was doubtful: there was no direct evidence to prove who killed the deputy sheriff. The prisoners deserved a one-year sentence for violating American neutrality laws, but only the intense anti-Mexican feeling of 1913 could have produced a conviction for murder against all of them. In releasing them Governor Ferguson said that "in all frankness it must be said and admitted they did nothing and were doing nothing more than the immortal Travis, Bowie, Crockett, and their brave companions were doing at the time they were captured and massacred at the Alamo." Their long imprisonment was a case of Yankee tyranny; their release does "Ma" Ferguson honor on the eve of her disappearance from public life, crushed by "Dan" Moody in the second Texas primary.

NEW JERSEY has evolved a new technique of expression for its prejudice against its Negro citizens. Isaiah Hopkins, a Negro contractor, bought a plot of ground in the residential section of the town of Kearney and began excavating in preparation for the building of a Negro colony. At once numbers of white residents gathered at the spot and jeered the laborers so effectively that work was suspended. The townspeople next threatened to quit the town unless Hopkins were forced by the municipal authorities to resell his lots to citizens of an acceptable color. Unfortunately the world will be deprived of the chance to witness a second Exodus, for the Town Council is firmly attached to its fellow-whites and has promised to convert the ground into a playground if Hopkins carries the case to court.

THE ORGANIZED CAP-MAKERS of New York City won a notable victory in their general strike when the manufacturers signed a three-year agreement for a minimum wage of $44 a week for operators and cutters, $30 a week for less skilled workers, an unemployment insurance fund to be created by the employer and administered by the union, and the 40-hour week after July 1, 1927. That looks toward health and constitutionalism in industry. The ladies' garment workers of New York are not so fortunate. Thirty thousand of them are still on strike after rejecting Governor Smith's offer of immediate arbitration. The garment workers refuse immediate arbitration with the large manufacturers because the jobbers who control 75 per cent of the production would not be subject to an arbitration award. As the fall season nears its height both sides need peace badly. But there will be no permanent peace until the chaos of irresponsible, small-scale producers is replaced by a responsible, inclusive employers' body capable of maintaining minimum labor standards.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE BILLION locusts settled down for a summer vacation last June in the Crimea and proceeded to eat everything in sight. The Soviet Government, not believing in biblical methods of meeting a plague of locusts, sent a few airplanes with poison gas. The locusts were killed. We call this incident to the attention of James F. Norris, president of the American Chemical Society who made a speech at Williamstown about poison gas. Mr. Norris indicated his belief that sentiment and not knowledge has been the driving force behind the attack upon chemical warfare by women's clubs and other organizations. Is it sentiment? Can a human being live through a barrage of gas that kills 4,000 locusts per square yard? The people of New York would have no more chance of survival under a strong poison-gas attack from the air in the next war than the Russian locusts. More dangerous types of poison gas are being perfected each year; gas-masks are entirely useless against the new varieties of gas. No adequate defense against an air attack with gas and bombs upon a city has ever been devised. It is simply a question of which will be eliminated, war or the human race.

KRISHNAMURTI, YOUNG HINDU MYSTIC, may or may not be a "Vehicle of the World Teacher." We know no way of divining the presence of deity in the person of a pleasant and cultivated young man, and we tend to be skeptical about claims to supernatural relationships. But we refuse to admit that those claims are weakened by the modern tastes and the conventional appearance of the "vehicle" in question. Krishnamurti wears attractive clothes; he enjoys swimming, tennis, and golf; he speaks several languages and delights in Shaw and Anatole France; he holds Shelley's work as sacred as the Bible. None of these proclivities disturbs us. Far from doubting the quality of this young man's mysticism, we respect it far more than if it came dressed in white robes and sandals and flowers of speech. Jesus dressed in the manner of his day and country. Krishnamurti is a modest, well-educated, quietly dressed modern. Mystic power may cheerfully inhabit a body that can swing a racket and a mind that can appreciate Voltaire. Even interviews and lecture platforms and trips on the Twentieth Century Limited should be compatible with modern saintliness. The modest utterances of the young teacher are often apt and well-directed and in the vein of our better-educated Christian ministers. If the Vehicle of the World Teacher is to operate in the United States he must not be asked to use the methods of ancient Galilee.

A MERE WEEKLY MAGAZINE cannot hope to keep up with the procession of Channel swimmers. We had no sooner finished welcoming Gertrude Ederle to down-town New York than Mille Gade (Mrs. Clemington Corson) plowed across from the French coast to Dover in 15 hours and 38 minutes, and disclosed to the world that she was not merely an American and a woman but a mother as well. She was, perhaps, unnecessarily insistent upon her maternity and her determination to win riches and honor for her two children, but the gallantry of her performance was not dimmed by her talk. And the talk had not yet subsided when a German, Ernst Vierkoetter, propelled himself across at a speed which set a new record, beating Gertrude's time by 1 hour and 49 minutes. The business has now arrived at the point of accusations and challenges and races and contracts. Already an international contest at Catalina Island has been arranged, and a race around Manhattan has been proposed by Mille Gade's managers. Huge purses are offered or discussed; fat sums are mentioned for exhibitions. The hazardous adventure of a few courageous and sturdy persons is suddenly, by the magic of commercialism, transmuted into a competition for prizes and publicity. This is inevitable; but it should not be allowed entirely to dim the victory of man—and woman—over a peculiarly obstreperous bit of nature.

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Valentino and Yellow Journalism

PUBLIC sobbing, onion-produced tears, and peach-colored extras made the illness and death of Rudolph Valentino a startling and hideous orgy of sentimentalism. Lines of the curious eleven blocks long waited in the rain to see his body; women screamed and fought for a glimpse of him. Was this demonstration a revelation of "the American mind" or was it a phenomenon of publicity produced by the press?

While Valentino was dying the newspapers made him into a colossus by the simple device of featuring everything about him; his breathing, his temperature, his ex-wives, and his bracelet. They could probably create a similar interest in any tolerably famous person whom they sought to exploit. They have done it at various times with Dempsey, Helen Wills, Harry Thaw, Gerald Chapman, and Calvin Coolidge. Only last month the papers of Los Angeles performed a similar feat with Aimee Semple McPherson. The mob likes familiarity. But having once worked up public interest to a hysterical pitch the yellowest of the New York papers felt a moral (financial) obligation to keep it up. New editions must be produced, new developments must be discovered to sell the extras. That was evidently the policy of the New York *Evening Graphic*.

On August 18, when Valentino was critically ill but apparently in no immediate danger, the *Graphic* flashed a two and one-half inch headline: "Rudy Dead". Then in small letters on the side: Cry Startles Film World as Sheik Rallies. Valentino was steadily improving when the edition went to press and probably the editors knew it. But people bought the paper by thousands and rumors based on the head-line flooded the hospital with thirty-two telephone calls a minute. Mobs collected outside the hospital. Two days later when public excitement lagged the *Graphic* sprang its second fake. The whole Valentino scare was a publicity stunt, the public was informed. The headline read: Pan Rudy's Fight as Publicity. The story declared that Valentino's recent film, "The Son of the Sheik," needed publicity, so his illness which was a trivial one had been exaggerated for the sake of advertising. The *Graphic* even declared that Valentino had hired a large hospital room on the first floor for $300 a week as a publicity bureau; the indignant denials of the hospital authorities were ignored.

After Valentino's death the *Graphic* published an edition which devoted eight complete pages to the star, crowding out nearly all news of international importance except the diary of "Peaches" Browning, which blazoned the legend across the top of a page: I'm Sitting on Top of the World; Peaches Writes of Her Love-Life. The same reporter who had produced the fake advertising story now followed a new tack. Across the top of Page 1 screamed: Foul Play Hint in Death of Rudy. Within, the reader was greeted by a streamer: "Jealous Woman May Have Poisoned Shiek in Revenge." The story began:

> Persistent reports along Broadway the past week, hinting darkly that the death yesterday of Rudolph Valentino might be attributed to causes not disclosed in official bulletins by his physicians, may result today in a complete investigation of the film actor's last visit here.
>
> Soon after Valentino had been rushed from an all-night revel at the cabarets to an operating table in the Polyclinic Hospital these three stories began circulation:
>
> 1. Rudolph Valentino had been poisoned by a jealous woman.
> 2. The sheik had been injured in a fight with a man who had resented Rudy's attentions to a woman.
> 3. Valentino had been shot in a quarrel during a gay party.
>
> Told of the nasty reports that had followed Valentino's sudden appearance at Polyclinic a week ago Sunday, Assistant District Attorney Ferdinand M. Pecora declared last night that when the matter is brought to him officially he will begin an investigation to refute or prove the stories. [Picture of Mr. Pecora.]
>
> At the same time Dr. William B. Rawles, assistant house physician at Polyclinic, denied that Valentino's condition has shown signs of poisoning or foul play. Nevertheless, in Broadway's night clubs and cabarets this morning credence was given this general belief by the bright light habitues:
>
> "Poor Rudy—the kid was knocked off. Yuh can't tell me he died from those things the doctors said—the whole thing looks fishy to me."

Not content with the blazoning of this baseless rumor the *Graphic* flung across an inside page another headline: Spirit Declares Sheik Poisoned. The editors could not locate any responsible human being to act as vehicle for their story, so they appealed to heaven. They chose an Italian spiritualist medium. The story read:

> Psychic confirmation of the report that Rudolph Valentino was poisoned at the party which he attended before being taken to the Polyclinic Hospital for operation was obtained last night from the medium Nicola Peccharara during a seance at 800 West End Avenue.
>
> The seance was under the auspices of the Unbiased Commission for the Investigation of Psychic Phenomena, sponsored by *Ghost Stories Magazine*, which is offering $10,000 in prizes for actual materializations from the spirit world. . . .
>
> "What was the cause of his death?" the spirit was asked.
>
> "Strong medicine."
>
> "When was it given to him?"
>
> The reply was muffled and confused.
>
> "What was the medicine?"
>
> There was a ghastly shriek and a long drawn out cry. The voice then continued:
>
> "But that was not the primary cause. Valentino was poisoned at the party he attended before taken to the hospital for his operation. The doctors there did their best, but they could not work against the poison which he had taken before. Valentino's spirit is in the room now."

It seems that the seance was a very successful one; in fact the spirits rattled tambourines, moved tables, and said just what the *Graphic* wanted them to say. Strangely enough, however, there is no announcement that Mr. Peccharara won the $10,000 offered by *Ghost Stories Magazine*. *Ghost Stories Magazine* and the New York *Evening Graphic* are both Macfadden publications.

In the long run such journalism must be its own reward. A censorship which could destroy Bernarr Macfadden would be more likely to destroy many a brave pioneer of social idealism. We must trust to a growing intelligence in the reading public to demand more accurate, honest news.

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Professor Ripley Pokes the Pig

ALL too commonly the investor in an American industrial corporation buys a pig in a poke. He should be grateful to William Z. Ripley, professor of economics at Harvard University, for at least poking the pig. Incorporation covers a multitude of sins. And it is a method whereby the control of industry has fallen more and more into a few hands although investment in it is becoming increasingly scattered. A generation ago people with small savings to invest put them into real estate or real-estate mortgages and occasionally into government or railroad bonds. But the rapid evolution of the United States as a manufacturing nation has opened vast fields for new capital in industrial enterprises, while the incorporation of such business and the raising of capital through the sale of stock has made it possible for people even of humble means to have a small stake in this great fabric with its unrivalled opportunities for making—and losing—money. Almost anyone can have at least one share of oil, steel, public-utility, or department-store stock.

Our financiers boast of the wide distribution of stock ownership in America; they point to it as a proof of the democracy of Big Business. But although a minority stockholder is theoretically an owner he usually has no practical control and not even any adequate information about the business that is supposedly part his. Wall Street, which makes its living in buying and selling securities (ironic word in so many cases), is oblivious. Wall Street is hard-fisted and hard-boiled when it comes to either the losses or the profits of an investor. But it is not oblivious to anything which affects the value of or the market for the wares which it handles. Thus when, not long ago, Professor Ripley assailed the growing tendency on the part of industrial corporations to issue non-voting shares, it had an immediate repercussion in Wall Street, the New York Stock Exchange barring from its list several proposed issues of that sort.

We look for a similarly beneficial—and probably more important—result from Professor Ripley's article in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he criticizes unsparingly the meager, meaningless, and misleading information which most industrial corporations in this country supply to their stockholders and theoretical owners. Professor Ripley does not write in general terms either; he names names and cites instance after instance of the way in which large corporations have defrauded the many and enriched the few by concealing their true financial condition from all but the insiders. Nor can Wall Street ignore or pooh-pooh the strictures of Professor Ripley. He is not only an educator of conservative and high standing but has served as an economic expert to the United States Industrial Commission, the War Department, the Shipping Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and private companies.

Professor Ripley calls for better accounting and the publication of adequate balance sheets and income accounts on the part of our industrial corporations. He thinks their finances should be revealed as fully as are those of railroads and national banks under the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Reserve Board respectively. He emphasizes the fact that incorporation is a privilege, carrying with it obligations:

> The people grant to a private body the ineffable enjoyment of immortality, of succession, of impersonality, and, the greatest boon of all, of limited liability. Under partnerships or other purely private forms of organization, where trading is carried on without limitation upon the personal liability of those who engage therein, certain obvious safeguards for creditors and the public arise from the purely personal attributes of the concern. The grant, by public act, of limitation upon this personal liability for debts or other obligations abrogates many of these formerly existant safeguards, which must of course be offset by new provisions at law. But in any event the release from these personal obligations affords so great an advantage, and is accompanied by such novel risks, as to make it clear that it is indeed a privilege, conferred out of hand by gift of the people. In other countries where these valuable grants proceed from a single source, and that, too, a supreme one—to wit, the central government—this privilege is more likely to be taken at its face value. But in the United States such public gifts are scattered with a lavish hand by forty-eight different little sovereignties more or less jealous of one another both financially and prestige-iously.

Professor Ripley thinks that little can be accomplished through State legislation toward remedying the conditions which he criticizes. "Blue-sky" laws have been useful in suppressing palpable frauds, but that is the most that can be expected. Professor Ripley gives the New York Stock Exchange credit for having done a great deal already toward protecting investors, and he thinks it can, if it wishes, accomplish much in the way of obtaining better information from the companies whose securities are listed on its board, although not too much can be expected of any company whose competitors do not conform to the same usage. He notes, also, that the securities of a large number of important enterprises are not listed on the New York Stock Exchange but are sold on the Curb, in the exchanges of other cities, or simply over the counter, as brokers say. He believes that ample power and machinery for obtaining better financial information from industrial corporations already exists in the Federal Trade Commission, citing convincingly the law establishing that body. While certain phases of the law are now in litigation, he thinks a vigorous assertion by the President of an intention to press for corporate publicity through the Federal Trade Commission would carry the day.

We agree with Professor Ripley in his criticisms and in his suggestions for betterment, but we think any initiative at this time must come from Congress; it will not emanate from Mr. Coolidge nor from the Federal Trade Commission which, as emasculated by the President, has been trying to restrict publicity as much as possible in the work of the board. Messrs. Thompson and Nugent, the two remaining liberal members of the commission, are quoted by the newspapers as in sympathy with Professor Ripley's proposals, but a majority of the membership is said to be in opposition. It would be. Timid business men and "me too" journalists are arguing that the publicity which Professor Ripley advocates would reveal valuable trade secrets to competitors and injure the companies making the reports. This is antediluvian rubbish. Any company that would be injured by such an X-ray of its financial past and present deserves to be.

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If Gandhi Were Emperor

THE phrase "If I were King" has served more than one idealist as the key to a door of escape from the gloomy present into a future of his own. A British journalist writing on India opened that door for Mahatma Gandhi with a challenge. "If he [Gandhi] were Emperor of India, invested with full plenary powers," this writer ventured, "the regulations that he would make for the admission of Europeans and their settlement in India might not greatly differ from those which the South Africans are attempting to impose on Indians in South Africa today."

The challenge is readily answered. The South African Color Bar Bill is the restriction imposed by a powerful majority on a minority which has neither defense nor escape. Gandhi's ideals of Swaraj and Swadeshi represent the desire of a majority deprived of power to be free of the control of a minority, free to govern itself and grow to its natural height. If this majority suddenly were given power, the means it would use toward its end might take a form similar to the South African bill. But its causes, its motives, even its effect on the restricted class would remove it from all suspicion of consanguinity with the Color Bar legislation.

What he would do, if he were Emperor, is a subject on which the Mahatma is clear. He says:

> If I were Emperor of India I would extend the hand of fellowship to the whole of the world irrespective of caste, color, or creed, for I claim the whole of mankind to be the children of one God. I would disband the whole of the army of occupation, retaining only such police as may be necessary for the protection of her citizens against thieves and robbers. I would not bribe the frontier tribes as they are being bribed today, but I would cultivate the friendliest relations with them in order to find out the ways or means of providing useful occupation for them. I would guarantee the fullest protection for every European living in India and all honest European enterprises. I would impose a prohibitive tariff on all foreign cloth so as to exclude it entirely from India and bring Khaddar under State control so as to enable every villager who chooses to spin to feel that the products of his or her spinning-wheel would be taken up. I would prohibit the importation of intoxicating liquors and close down every distillery, confining the manufacture of alcohol and opium for proved medical necessity. I would guarantee full protection to all forms of religious worship, save what is repugnant to the moral sense of mankind. I would throw open to the so-called untouchables every public temple and public school to which all other Hindus have right of admission. I would summon the representatives of both the Hindus and Mussulmans, search their pockets and deprive them of all eatables and of all lethal weapons, if they have any, and lock them together in one room and open it only after they have settled their quarrels.

Whatever else may be said against it, benevolent despotism is indubitably the shortest and quickest route to a given point. The Mahatma goes as the crow flies to the realization of ideals which seem sadly distant of attainment by the man-built road. His remedy for the Indian communalism which cleaves so threatening a chasm between Hindu and Moslem is delightful in its directness. Yet, although we speak only from Occidental experience, we would suggest that quarrels are more likely to be settled when the disputants are well-fed than when they are starving—provided they have not got indigestion.

The Importance of Being a Socialist

BERNARD SHAW, upon the occasion of the seventieth birthday dinner recently given him by the Labor members of the House of Commons, made what for him was a modest gesture when he attributed his achievement as a man and as a writer to the fact that in his youth, casting about for something to be and do, he had become a socialist. "Socialism," he insisted, "made a man of me"; and he implied that whatever value his plays possess derives from the faith which through all of them he has so valiantly kept. This, with all respect to Mr. Shaw as man and writer, is surely nonsense.

Think of the faithful socialists—faithful to the end—who have not been brilliant, or convincing, or moving, or valiant, or gloriously wrong. And think of the writers in this day—they are few, it must be confessed—who have been some of these things without the aid of socialism. With all respect to socialism, we must suppose that its importance in the case under dispute was to Mr. Shaw alone; and even this may be questioned. For the essential thing was that Mr. Shaw should find some ground upon which he could stand and continue to stand. Some other ground might have done as well as the one he chose—Nietzscheanism, for instance, or theosophy. Or, granting that the very fibers of his being called out to him to join the Fabians and make street speeches in the East End, granting that there was no other ground suitable to his peculiar genius, there is still the little matter of that genius, which, we are inclined to think, came into existence in 1856.

Given genius, it is of course necessary that a man who wishes to write well or do anything else well shall fall into a consistent way of looking at the world. To see life at all, correctly or no, he must see it from somewhere; and the biographies of great artists are the stories—or could be—of efforts made to arrive at points of view. No major work of its generation is without this point of view; and the chances are that works claiming to be major will rank in the order of their comprehensiveness. The greatest of them will be that in which the author has seen the most things with his single pair of eyes, has brought the largest number of apparently separate phenomena into one circle of vision. There is no proof, unfortunately, that this author must be he who stands closest to the truth. We might like to think so; we might like to believe that Mr. Shaw is great as an artist because he has seen things as they are. But there is Mr. Hardy, a contemporary, who has seen things far otherwise—and, for the purposes of art, as fruitfully. And there was Shakespeare, whom Mr. Shaw affectionately abuses because he beheld the world as a stage upon which people are moved inexplicably to joys and rages; there was Shakespeare, who had no trouble finding things to write about significantly. Remoter still, there was Homer, who filled a capacious scene with careless heroes and filled it very well. And then, too, there were Milton and Wordsworth, seeing the universe finally as something personal to themselves—not at all something which needed correction by legislation. To see something—anything—well is what matters.

No, we prefer to think that there was a man in Mr. Shaw before he went to London and read Karl Marx. Without this experience a very good and useful man might have been wasted. The important thing is that he was there.

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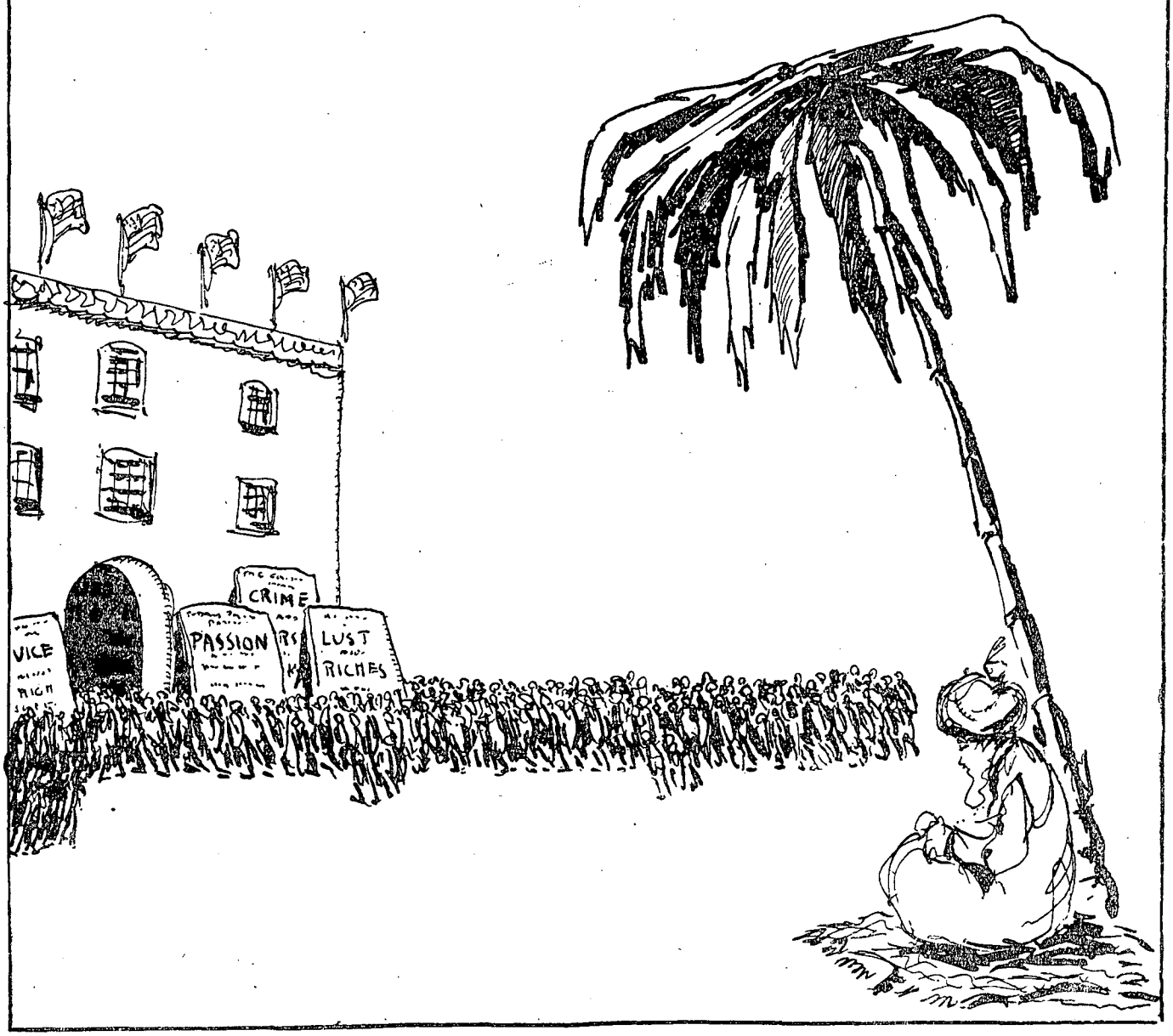
The Movie Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; and all our Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all our Tears wash out a word of it.



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America's Job in China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

SOME Americans think of our role in China as that of a guardian angel, pointing the way to true democracy and assisting China to struggle along it despite her wicked enemies. The Chinese do not see things that way. They have had a little sentimentality about America, but they are beginning to think of us as just one of the rest.

We kept the "open door" in China twenty years ago—but the open door is not so beatific a vision to Chinese as to us. America wanted it because it prevented other nations from staking out reserved areas into which our trade would not be able to grow. We were for it because it was in the interest of our commerce. It helped China at that time, but it is associated in Chinese minds with the indefensible treaties, to which we are a party, which keep her from shutting the door, even partially, in the face of all parties. She would like to raise her customs duties, as the United States and other nations have done, and protect her home markets, as we do; and we, among others, refuse to allow her to do so. Very recently the Customs Conference, which was to realize the good things promised at Washington in 1921, dissolved without action, ostensibly because China was in such chaos. Of that, more anon.

We "remitted" part of the Boxer Indemnity in 1908 and more in 1924. It was a good piece of diplomacy. The money has been carefully spent under American auspices in giving Chinese students an American type of education, and the American-educated "returned students" have vastly increased American influence in China. But the cynical young Chinese patriots of today say that the indemnity was an outrage in the first place and that if it was to be remitted it should have been returned to the Chinese Government without condition, to be spent exclusively at its direction.

We have given largely to missionary enterprise—which, again, the young Chinese regard as an effort to de-Chinafy China.

And we maintain a "Legation Guard" of 450 men in Peking, another guard of 1,000 men along the Tientsin-Shanhaikwan Railway, a fleet of river patrols which run a thousand miles up the Yangtze and six hundred miles into Canton and Kwangsi provinces; we share through our consul in the administration of the foreign city of Shanghai, the chairman of whose Municipal Council is an American lawyer from the State of Maine; our consulates in Tientsin, Shanghai, and Canton are in foreign-ruled quarters, under the protection of foreign flags; we cling to exterritoriality (or "extrality"), which gives Americans in China rights which Chinese do not have; and we are allied with the Powers in maintaining foreign control of China's customs.

At the Washington Conference, in 1921, the world was assured, great things were done for China. A careful reading of the treaties and resolutions shows rather that they were, so to speak, adumbrated. A foreign commission was planned to "inquire" into the state of justice in China, "with a view to reporting" conditions to the foreign governments and suggesting to China legislation and reforms which might eventually warrant the Powers in taking steps toward relinquishing extrality. Which really did not mean much. A customs conference was to discuss—not customs autonomy but a 2½ per cent increase in the customs rates. At Washington also Japan promised to return Shantung and Britain to return Wei-hai-wei, and it should be noted to the honor of the Japanese that theirs was the only pledge which has been fulfilled. The British are still haggling, I understand, about the privileges which their officers may continue to enjoy at the golf course in which they have invested so much time and money, and they refuse to give up Wei-hai-wei until the golf question is settled. The customs treaty was not even ratified until, three and a half years after its signature, the outbreak of nationalism in China stirred the Powers into a semblance of action; and the customs conference broke up as soon as the nationalist movement seemed to sink out of sight behind the civil war.

Customs and extrality conferences dragged a weary life through last winter in Peking. The American delegates were pledged to the principle of cooperation with the other Powers; the official theory was that America was ready to give almost anything to China if the other Powers would agree; but that independent action by the American Government would somehow be most unfortunate—a theory which condemns us to sterility. The extrality commission met solemnly, studied the new Chinese law codes (which may be applied occasionally in model courts) and found them excellent; visited a few recently white-washed prisons, and enjoyed the pleasant cosmopolitan social life of the Legation Quarter. It intended to tour China in the springtime. Unfortunately civil war cut it off from Shansi, and Canton's proud Government told it to stay away. So it left extrality where it found it—which is what it was intended to do.

At the customs conference the Powers rather ludicrously revealed the nature of their interest in China. The conference began with an ambiguously worded declaration in favor of tariff autonomy three years later—a declaration which, however, requires confirmation in a treaty which has not yet been drawn up, much less ratified—and which some of the signatory parties hold is conditional upon simultaneous abolition of internal customs duties, or likin, by the Chinese. If it is really conditional, it is meaningless, for the local militarists are not likely to give up likin. The Powers next discussed immediate steps to increase the Chinese customs receipts. A program was worked out to increase the duties sufficiently to develop $90,000,000 of new revenues; but when the proposed increase was analyzed the surprised Chinese discovered that it meant nothing to them. Thirty-seven millions were to go to the provinces to compensate for likin and assure its abolition; 30 millions were to be applied to pay interest on the consolidated debt—in part on the infamous Nishihara loans which Japan forced on China in 1918; 10 millions were to pay interest on the Hukuang and Tsinpu railway bonds, already in default (it will be recalled that Morgan interests bought up the German rights in the Hukuang railway); while the remaining 13 millions were at first destined for a Chinese government, the Powers began to feel doubtful of the wisdom of giving it to any government in China's state of chaos and decided it might be wiser to convert it into a contingent fund, to pay interest on the other railway bonds which

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were sure soon to go into default! The conference finally adjourned, however, without taking even this action, leaving China stuck with her old ridiculously low customs rate. The Powers had exposed their self-interest. The British and Americans, desiring to open large-scale trade with the interior, were most concerned with the abolition of likin, and also with provision for interest payments on the railway bonds in which their nationals had invested; the Japanese wanted interest paid on the government debts, but without raising the customs duties, which would interfere with the market for their cheap goods in China; the Italians, Dutch, and Belgians, having no trade, but heavy investments, were willing to have the customs raised to the sky limit if only interest was provided for their railway bonds. It was a sorry spectacle.

The amiable policy of giving an air of intense activity whenever the Chinese wax turbulent, and of offering to do something on condition that the Chinese do something else first, is wearing out. The Chinese do not accept the quid-pro-quo theory; they want to be free, even to misgovern themselves, and the nationalistic philosophy of the West is sweeping like a whirlwind across their continent-nation. No government, however strong its military or foreign financial support, can stand long against it. The present Government, Japanese- and British-backed, is making as radical demands today as the Russian-aided Feng Yu-hsiang made last year; and its successor will be even more radical.

China will not have Western standards of justice for many years—but more and more she will develop a conscious sense that it is unfair for foreigners to have more privileges than Chinese in China. Already extrality is fading out in the provinces; only along the rivers and the coasts, within range of foreign warships, is it in force. It is silly to spend time and money investigating the state of Chinese justice, as if the foreigners were moral arbiters of China. Whatever conditions may be, foreigners will have to suffer them—like the Chinese. "If you don't like this country as it is, you can go back where you came from"—that 100-per-cent American slogan is being naturalized in Asia. The only question is whether the Powers will give up their special privileges voluntarily and gracefully or wait for the exasperated Chinese to snatch them.

The present situation is absurd—the customs rates are determined by foreigners, collected by foreigners, and used by foreigners to pay interest on bad foreign investments. No wide-awake people would tolerate it, and anti-foreign demonstrations in a thousand cities last summer proved that the Chinese people, led by the boy and girl students, is at last awake. From the idealistic younger generation the new national gospel has spread to a shrewd older generation. Already the salt revenues, once used to pay the foreign interest, have been seized by local militarists (even at Tientsin, under the noses of the foreign garrisons), and the customs may soon go the same way. The process will discourage foreign investors, and we shall hear a loud howl about poor China, deprived of the opportunity to develop her resources; but in the long run the Chinese may gain. They will be better off if the process of industrialization, already fiercely rapid, can be retarded. The transformation which China is undergoing is so fundamental, so destructive of her old settled civilization, that at best it will require years of civil war, apparent chaos, bankruptcy, and default. Speed can only aggravate its hazards. The literary renaissance which has dignified the popular tongue and opened the road to literacy to millions hitherto barred by the difficulties of the classical language is rapidly providing China with the mass-cultural background which modern industry requires. One of the great transformations of history is occurring in our day, making our American conquest of a continent seem slow and palsied; and the process is rapid enough without the stimulation of greedy foreign capital.

For America in China the choice today is between sympathy and opposition to that great revolution. Such a choice seems to involve alliance with Russia or alliance with Britain, and most Americans instinctively choose Britain. The phobia of bolshevism prevents a clear vision of the momentous issue. China, a people of four hundred millions, is awakening. Shall we align ourselves with the Powers which are trying to keep her bound by the shackles of her nineteenth-century weakness? Or shall we join Russia, the one Power which openly encourages the effort of Chinese youth to restore their nation's dignity? It is with the earnest desire that America should be regarded as the friend of Asia, not as another enemy, that I would urge America to announce now:

1. Intention to withdraw our consulates in China from the protection of foreign flags, and to retire from participation in the administration of foreign settlements, concessions, or quarters.

2. Renunciation of exterritoriality—say, three years hence. If China wants to suggest intermediate stages in a process of transformation, let China do it. Meanwhile, let us merely postpone the change long enough to give American interests in China time to prepare for their new status.

3. Withdrawal of all United States troops from Chinese soil and of United States warships from Chinese waters. This would mean abandonment of the six river ships which we are now building in China for the Yangtze River patrol.

4. Abrogation, in so far as the United States is concerned, of the anachronistic clauses of the Boxer protocol which give the Powers special rights in the Tientsin-Peking area.

5. Recognition by the United States that China has the right to fix her own customs rates without interference by foreign Powers.

Such action sounds like red revolution to the crusted minds of the foreign business community in China. They have lived for years in the tradition that while Chinese art should be greeted with romantic respect, politically and economically the yellow races must submit to white leadership forever. They may be right; if so, it is high time for the Powers to use their gunboats and restore their prestige. But also they may be wrong, and if they are wrong that policy would be disastrous. At present all the white nations are drifting—and drift is dangerous. If they continue to drift they may wake up some day to discover that their own nationalistic, imperialistic, militaristic philosophy, absorbed by the East, is at last creating a real Yellow Peril.

[*This article concludes Lewis Gannett's series of impressions of China. A later article will recount his experiences in coming out of China across the Gobi Desert and the mountains of Mongolia.*]

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"Byng or King"

The Issue in the Canadian Election

By RICHARD DE BRISAY

THE present state of Canadian politics is confused and exciting, and the election of September 14 will be the hottest battle in the history of the confederation. The late Liberal Ministry of Mr. Mackenzie King is accused of an unholy partnership with a gang of millionaire bootleggers; the present Government of Mr. Meighen is charged with having defied the supremacy of Parliament; and the Governor-General is a storm-center as a result of having exercised a prerogative that everybody considered as dead as Queen Anne. The indirect cause of this interesting situation lies in American legislation, and the outcome will have a direct economic effect on the relations of the United States and their Northern neighbor.

The scandals in the Customs Department which caused the fall of Mr. King's Government were unquestionably due to the workings of the Volstead Act. The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States may or may not have been a good thing for that country, but it has certainly proved a very bad thing for Canada. When the United States distilleries were closed down and bootlegging across the border became a new and profitable trade, it rapidly developed into an organized industry on which many of Canada's recent fortunes have been founded. But with organization came new developments; the brighter minds engaged in the business recognized the waste of a transport system in which all the freight was going one way, and they soon had their vehicles carrying goods both ways and making double profits for its management. Motor trucks loaded with scotch and rye going south, rolled back over the border carrying silks, cigarettes, and cotton goods; and with this smuggling business operating at its present rate, a conservative estimate puts the customs revenue loss to Canada at $30,000,000 a year. Probably it is more.

Of course, if the Liberal Government during the past session had had a working majority of its own party it would have easily survived the revelations of this organized smuggling business with its ramifications of graft and corruption in the Customs Department. But Mr. King's Ministry suffered from an inherent weakness for which the development of the new agricultural group in the Canadian Parliament was responsible. After the election of 1921 Mr. King found himself with a Liberal majority of one over the combined opposition, which was fairly evenly divided between his old opponents, the Conservatives, and the new Progressive group representing the farmers—who had gone into politics with a splash when they made the belated discovery that the Liberals were free traders only when out of office. But since the Progressives were more kindly disposed toward the Liberals, who at least paid lip service to free trade, than toward the Conservatives, who openly derided it, Mr. King found it fairly easy to hold office for four years without doing anything of importance; it was a "safe and sane" government which let things take their course and patted itself on the back as each year marked the slow improvement in conditions that was bound to follow the post-war slump. In October, 1925, Mr. King went to the country, and the result marked the end of the traditional two-party system in Canada. True, the Conservatives gained many seats, while the Progressives lost half of theirs, but for the first time in history neither of the old parties had a clear majority in the House of Commons. Mr. Meighen and his Conservatives had 116 seats; Mr. King had only 101; and the Progressives held 24. The Progressives had the whip-hand at last, and they cracked the whip with gusto. Mr. King they placed in power, but they bent him to their will. During this year's session more sound, radical legislation was passed by the House of Commons than is usually talked about in a decade; the high tariff on motors was cut, the income tax was reduced on the lower levels and raised on some of the higher ones, an amendment to the Grain Act was put through which meant millions of dollars for the farmers' pockets, a scheme of old-age pensions was carried, and money was voted for the completion of the Hudson Bay Railway. The Liberals themselves groaned, but the Conservatives gnashed their teeth; some of this unpalatable legislation they managed to hold up through their majority in the Senate; but for their prime object, the defeat of the Government, they had to seek a lever with which they could pry the Progressives off their Liberal benefactors, and they found it in the customs scandals.

There are some issues on which feeling in Canada is divided on much the same lines as in the United States. One is the liquor question; and while there are urban constituencies in which a wet candidate has a chance of election, there is hardly a rural constituency in Canada outside the Province of Quebec in which any candidate would have a dog's chance unless he pledged himself to undying war on the Demon Rum. Also, the farmers are strong for public morality. Consequently when the Conservatives dug up evidence of the corruption of officials in the Customs Department, and proved that they were hand in glove with a gang of millionaire bootleggers, they had the Liberals and Progressives exactly where they wanted them. And when the report of the Parliamentary committee of investigation was put before the House, the Conservatives presented an amendment censuring the Government for its indefensible negligence which put the Progressives in a cleft stick. On the one hand, if they helped defeat the Government, their chances of any more farmer legislation were doomed; but on the other hand lay the devilish alternative of having to face their stern-eyed constituents at home as the shameless champions of the wicked old-party men whom they had consistently denounced. It is not surprising that they broke under the strain. After an exhausting week of turbulent debate it was clear that a fatal number of them were determined to follow their conscience rather than their material interests, and Mr. King walked over to Rideau Hall and asked the Governor-General to dissolve a Parliament which could no longer be carried on with dignity. This, of course, meant another federal election immediately; but to Mr. King it seemed the lesser of two evils. To every-

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body's surprise, the Governor-General refused to follow his Prime Minister's advice, and took the ground that Mr. Meighen should have the chance to form a Government before the drastic remedy of a general election was resorted to. Mr. King resigned; Lord Byng asked Mr. Meighen if he would accept the responsibility of forming a Government, and Mr. Meighen accepted it with pleasure.

But if the Liberal tenure of office had been short and stormy, the career of the Conservatives was even more spectacular. Mr. Meighen had to form a Cabinet, and according to the Canadian Constitution when a member of Parliament accepts a portfolio he automatically loses his seat and must be reelected before he can sit in the House holding a position of emolument under the Crown. Yet if Mr. Meighen took enough members to form a Cabinet out of the House while it was sitting, he automatically lost his all too narrow majority. On the first day of his Government the House was informed that he proposed to wind up the work of the session by appointing a Cabinet of Acting Ministers. On the same day the Acting Government got a majority of ten on the vote of censure on the defunct Government of Mr. King. On the third day the Liberals retaliated by introducing a motion that Mr. Meighen's Government was unconstitutional—either his Ministers were really Ministers of the Crown, in which case they had no right to sit in Parliament, or they were not Ministers and therefore had no right to administer the government moneys. And on that motion Mr. Meighen's ill-starred Government was defeated. The next day members of the House of Commons were astonished to find its doors shut and to be informed by the pages that Parliament was dissolved. The work of the session was left unfinished, and the Liberals and Progressives took it as an insult that they were thus dismissed with no ceremony of prorogation.

The chief issues of the election are therefore constitutional ones. Both Liberals and Progressives hold that the Governor-General had no right to refuse Mr. King his dissolution, for although there are precedents for His Excellency's action they all date from colonial days, and since Canada is now an independent nation and a copartner with Great Britain in the Commonwealth, a Governor-General can have no rights that the King has not in Britain. Technically, the King still has the right to refuse his Premier's advice, but since he has not exercised it for a hundred years it is now considered obsolete. Some of the Liberals, fearful of being branded disloyal or separatist, are now trying to explain that their quarrel is with Mr. Meighen rather than with the popular Governor-General; but the Conservatives feel that "Byng or King" is a good battle-cry. So the Governor-General's action is undoubtedly the major issue of the campaign.

The result of this election is bound to have repercussions in the United States. It is improbable that the Liberals can get a clear majority, since their strength has always been greatest in the rural districts and the Western farmers now realize that they can gain more by returning their own representatives. Therefore we may expect either that the Conservatives will have a clear majority or the Liberals will again be returned to power subject to the will of a Progressive group. If the Conservatives win, they will be encouraged to put into effect at last their cherished idea of a brick-for-brick tariff wall against the United States. But if the Liberal-Progressive alliance is continued, a definite advance toward free trade will be made, and the question of reciprocity with the United States in natural products will be revived. It is an interesting exposition of the interlocking interests of the two countries that an amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be the indirect cause of a constitutional issue being raised in Canada, and that the result of a Canadian election fought on that issue may affect to an appreciable extent the economic interests of American industry.

Confessions of a Movie Reader

By RUTH SAPIN

I AM a reader for the movies. In the great industry far flung to the Pacific, rising skyward on the Atlantic until God who once upon a time created a super-movie of his own must be jealous and dismayed, I am an ant. I have never seen a movie producer or a movie director or a movie star. I have never been in a movie studio. I am so busy working for the movies that I have neither the time nor the inclination to go to a moving-picture show.

My business is with books. Most scenarios have a connection, though a remote one, with a book. Before the one book can be chosen for a scenario, hundreds of books must be read. I am the creature who by burrowing through mountains of books breaks the ground for the higher-ups who, later on, must deal indirectly with them. In order that I may get no false notion of my own importance, after I have read a novel (four hours), done an eighteen-hundred-word synopsis of it with various carbons, record sheets, and filing cards accompanying it (four hours more), and returned it to the office, I must sign a paper headed in big black letters Petty Cash Voucher!

I am told that there are some people, even intelligent ones, who cannot read a novel and give a coherent account of its plot. A movie reader must possess this slight ability. In addition, the reader must bring to the narration of each plot as much enthusiasm as though she or he had not encountered the same plot in the last five novels read. The reader must be equally polite to all novels—a story by May Christie, that unconscious Daisy Ashford of English lady novelists, must be treated with as much respect as a novel by Jacob Wassermann.

Finally a reader must be able to express herself in language that a director can understand. I was once called to task because in a synopsis of a college novel I, following the author's example, referred to a fraternity man as a society man. To a director, I was told, a society man means one thing—a person in full-dress clothes.

At the end of each synopsis the movie reader is allowed one inch of space in which to pass on the picture possibilities of the novel read. An inch is too much. For how, when plots are so similar and the most convincing story can be made absurd or the most absurd story convincing in the filming, is a reader, far away from Hollywood, com-

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petent to judge of the picture qualities of any given novel? I recently read a crime story in which the hero by means of a spray containing a potent chemical, the very touch of which was death, went about killing off men for whom he did not particularly care and nearly ending the life of an innocent maid with a gift of beautiful but poison-treated pearls. Even with my vague notion of what is wanted for the movie public, I felt safe in saying that this would not do for the children, however much their parents might enjoy it. But as a rule, removed as I am from the whims of actresses, the "flops" of pictures which must stand as warnings, the activities of other companies, my views on the picture possibilities of a story are worthless.

Why then, since the pay is poor, the work largely drudgery, and my services to the game (or the art) of little value, do I continue to be a movie reader? For the simple reason that I like to read. Ten years ago, in my youth, I read everything. Not only the aristocracy of books but the great unwashed as well—crime stories, trashy love stories, *Saturday Evening Post* stories. Latterly, influenced somewhat by my book-reviewing friends, I had become rather snobbish in my reading. The movies have restored my equilibrium. A scenario-editorial office is the most truly democratic library I have ever entered. It is a literary grab-bag into which one puts one's hands and one day draws out Ethel M. Dell and the next day Aldous Huxley; one day, Pirandello and another, Peter B. Kyne.

Frequently the novels are read in the raw—the movie reader is given the author's manuscript or the galley proofs or the unbound volume rushed over post haste from the publisher. All undressed, as it were, without a jacket, without blurbs, without book reviews to enhance it, that is the time, if ever, for a novel to be judged on its merits.

There is, for instance, the matter of the English lady novelists. By a lady novelist I mean the type of novelist of which A. S. M. Hutchinson is the supreme example. (Many men are lady novelists, though the class, particularly in England, is largely female.) They are forever solving problems. Somewhere in Chekhov's correspondence he writes to a friend—to Maxim Gorki, I believe—concerning the solution of a question and the correct setting of a question in a novel or play: "The latter alone is obligatory for the artist. In 'Anna Karenina' not a single problem is solved. But it satisfies completely because all the problems are set correctly." The English lady novelist, since she is incapable of profound thought about the problems she tackles, cannot possibly set her questions correctly. When she gets into a hole she brings in a vicar, or a layman who should have been a vicar. He either converts or is converted and, presto, a burning question is solved!

American novelists who write for the popular magazines are fortunately free of this preoccupation with problems. They set out rather to write a "strong" love story. What they have to say of love is unimportant. What they possess of literary background is negligible. But "the great open spaces" of America do something to redeem them. Here is a person who does know what it means to be lost in a snowstorm in the Canadian Rockies. Here is another who has lived through a forest fire. And a third who has been brought up in a part of the country where corn and cattle are more important (and really more interesting) than people. The jaded movie reader traveling up and down in the subway is suddenly storm tossed in a fishing schooner off Cape Cod. When she gets to her typewriter and starts to make a synopsis of the story she has probably forgotten both characters and plot. But the schooner or the corn country or the Rockies sticks in her mind long after the supposedly "strong" part of the story has vanished from memory.

The movie reader, dealing with even the "significant" novels long before they are reviewed or lectured about, has an excellent vantage point from which to judge professional comment as it comes along. This year John Masefield wrote an adventure story called "Odtaa." Now "Odtaa" on numerous counts failed to be more than a fair story. Yet most of the reviewers, who read one adventure story to a movie reader's fifty, hailed it as a masterpiece. When they had finished describing it as a remarkable adventure story they began on its poetic qualities and lyric fervor. In behalf of unknown Tom Smith and John Jones whose adventure stories come and go without a word of notice from the reviewers, I must confess that I found as much lyric fervor in their novels as in Masefield's and considerably better construction, suspense, and ingenuity of incident.

Recently Arthur Schnitzler's "Beatrice," new to America, though it was written some thirteen years ago, was published here. Since the novel deals with the erotic problems of a middle-aged woman the reviewing seems to have been turned over chiefly to young men. The result was that a second-rate novel that is no more like Schnitzler at his best than Schnitzler is like Zane Grey was heralded as a "penetrating analysis" of the soul of a woman, "a work of compelling truth."

Of these thousands of short stories and novels read in the course of a year (over five thousand were read in the office I know most about, the titles including works in foreign languages as well as in English) only about twenty-five are purchased. Despite the fanfare that goes with a movie sale, the novels and stories purchased represent such a tiny proportion of the total number written that it is hardly worth a writer's while (especially if he has not a celebrated name to sell) to concern himself very much with what he imagines the movies "want."

What happens to the material once it is purchased is another matter. The vicious are made virtuous (virtue now, more than ever, is a commodity that is priceless in the movies), the virtuous are altered out of all semblance to the selves that once lived in the pages of a book. But at least it is a hopeful sign that the large motion-picture concerns plow the entire field of current fiction (and even paying out petty cash for the plowing, the job costs money) in an endeavor to turn up new and fresh material. The literati may sneer at the movies; the movies don't sneer at the literati. If an author meets their needs of the moment the captains of the industry care not whether he be alive or dead, whether he be German, American, or Hottentot, whether his name be Ibáñez or Sabatini, or Sholom Asch or Oliver Onions.

And so I read them all—from the featherweight opus written by a frivolous American flapper to the powerful soul-searching of a sad Scandinavian. Perhaps I am not an ant; perhaps I am that figure beloved of the movies—Cinderella sitting by the embers. But the prospect of ever becoming a princess would fill me with horror. For being a cynical Cinderella, I know that movie princesses must work like horses—while I read peacefully by the fire, ragged, ignored, pettily paid, but infinitely amused.

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The Key to European Peace

By PHILIP SNOWDEN

London, August 19

EUROPEAN peace depends upon permanent good relations between Germany and France. The framers of the Locarno Pact realized that fact. For centuries these two great European nations have been at war or in a state of armed peace. French anxiety at the menace of a powerful, progressive, and energetic Germany is easily understood. The desire of France for security against the possible aggression of her neighbor, superior in population, in education, and in industry, has become an inherited obsession. To safeguard herself against this menace France has sought European alliances, which have divided the Continent into hostile combinations.

This has created an intolerable situation. Although the other Continental nations have their antagonisms and jealousies and ambitions, Franco-German relations have mainly dominated European policy and diplomacy. Great Britain has been drawn into this net and in the last two centuries has on many occasions been involved in wars in which she had no direct interest, but which primarily arose from Franco-German hostility. Even America, far removed geographically from the scene of these international jealousies, could not escape from participation in the age-long quarrels of France and Germany.

Sensible people have begun to realize the folly of this insensate hate and suspicion. War, as a great British writer has said, is a game from which both sides rise the losers. The Great War gave no victory. It left all the European belligerents more or less ruined financially and industrially. The Locarno Pact was an effort to give France that sense of security which would turn her thoughts and energies from military preparations to economic and commercial development. Under peaceful and confident relations, France and Germany, owing to their contiguity, should naturally have close commercial relationships. In the heavy industries this is particularly the case, owing to the natural disposition of coal and ores. Intimate international interests in trade are one of the best means of promoting friendly political relations.

That fact is being appreciated by the great commercial magnates of France and Germany, as well as by politicians, publicists, and diplomatists. A very important and very promising movement in the direction of establishing better relations between the two countries was made recently. Meetings have taken place in Paris and Berlin at which a number of eminent industrialists, politicians, and diplomatists gathered to consider steps for removing all unjustifiable causes for suspicion between the two countries.

The entry of Germany into the League of Nations, which now seems to be assured in the course of the next few weeks, should effect a great change in the relations of Germany, not only to France but to all the European countries within the League. Germany will then have the full opportunity to bring her grievances before the League Council. There are a number of important matters which will demand early consideration. One of these is the continued maintenance of troops in the remaining occupied Rhineland zone. The conditions of good international relations cannot exist as long as part of Germany is occupied by foreign troops. The Locarno Pact fully recognized this fact and made provisions for the gradual reduction of the area and the strength of the occupation. But this has not been done. On the contrary, there are some 7,000 or 8,000 more troops in the area than there were in September last. Natural resentment is caused by the extra requisitions of quarters in the Rhineland, and as long as there are actually more troops in the present occupied area there will be substantial grounds for this resentment. Feeling in Germany is strong on this matter, and on its early satisfactory settlement depends to a great extent whether the Locarno Pact realizes expectations, and whether Germany's entry into the League of Nations fulfils the high hopes which are entertained.

Beyond this question lies the problem of the Dawes scheme. Little is said in public on this subject, but wherever politicians, industrialists, economists, and financiers meet the future of the scheme is discussed. Nobody in any country really believes that the Dawes Plan can be permanently maintained with advantage even to the recipients of the proceeds of the plan. But, on the other hand, it is realized that the time has not come to agitate for a revision. The plan has only just begun to work, and it is too early to form definite conclusions as to the measure of success it may achieve. But apart from the question whether it can give reparations without grave economic reactions, there is the psychological effect upon the German people of having an alien body controlling its economic life. The question of the inter-Allied debts is poisoning the relations among the Allies in the late war, and the effect of the Dawes payments is precisely similar.

Perhaps few things could do more to promote good relations between France and Germany, and among all the countries who were belligerents in the late war, than an early cleaning of the slate of all war debts and reparations. Such a settlement would leave France at least as well off as she is likely to be if she pays her annuities under the Anglo-French and the Franco-American agreements and continues to receive the Dawes annuities. But by cleaning the slate, France's resentment at having to pay annuities for two generations to her late allies and Germany's resentment at having her financial and industrial affairs controlled by foreigners would both be removed. A new and pleasant atmosphere would be created in both France and Germany, which would greatly help to promote a feeling of freedom and good-will.

These are some of the problems for the statesmanship of the League of Nations when Germany becomes a full member. They are difficult, and it would be unwise to press them with undue haste. War-time feelings are subsiding and a spirit of reconciliation is at work. This new spirit has many difficulties to encounter and to overcome. France and Germany, with the help of Great Britain, can make the conditions of a peaceful Europe. The conflict of centuries between France and Germany can be ended by the realization by both countries of a community of interests which can only be promoted by mutual good faith.

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Robert Graves*

By EDWIN MUIR

MR. GRAVES is one of the most puzzling figures in contemporary literature. He is conspicuously honest, yet he is often evasive; he is bold—and suddenly cautious; he is more dogmatic than any other contemporary poet, and perhaps more really skeptical at the same time. And it is in his poems of conflict that he is most skeptical; in his poems of escape that he is most daring. The best poems in "Country Sentiment," which he describes himself as poems of escape, are admirably sincere; they face the reality of things more concretely than most of the later poetry, concerned with more everyday problems. Their sincerity, moreover, is of a very rare kind. For it takes far less courage of mind, as modern psychology tells us, to face external realities than it takes to recognize the realities within us, especially where these are unconscious realities becoming conscious, as they are in "Country Sentiment." Like everybody else the poet must, of course, adapt himself to the world around him. To learn what one's environment is and to relate oneself to that is a utilitarian activity which cannot be avoided, but its attainment is not the work of poetry but of common sense. Approaching reality directly in this way, we are working with the conscious mind on the raw fact; harmony, therefore, cannot result, but only a compromise. Where Mr. Graves's poetry fails, as where a great deal of modern poetry fails, is where we have this bare confrontation of the conscious mind and the raw reality. The identity of the seer with the thing seen, the subjective-objective reality of vision, is not attained; and this condition is only a stage toward its attainment; poetry in embryo, not poetry born. And though it is desirable that the modern world should find expression in poetry, that will never be done by one who sets out, whatever his repugnance, to do so. It will only be done when a poet finds the modern world within himself, when not merely the outward, conscious adaptation to it has been made but the inner, unconscious one as well. This is, indeed, a platitude; yet a number of modern theories of poetry ignore it and dogmatize as if it were not there. Mr. Graves does not do so; his observations on the function and aim of poetry are always enlightened and often true; but his practice is tending less and less to conform to his best theory. In the second section of "Whipperginny" and in Mock Beggar Hall he has no longer the integral approach to the theme which we find in his earlier poetry. He no longer attacks the problem with all his faculties, finding a resolution on the various planes of the mind, as he has said poetry should; he attacks it only with his intellect, enlisting the imagination, if at all, as a supernumerary. He does not reveal convictions and intuitions; he treats general ideas which, we feel, have not been assimilated to his poetic nature and are perhaps alien to it. The will to adaptation is in his later work, rather than the living act of adaptation, and all that a will of this kind can give the poet is a compromise, not a reconciling vision of life, not a resolution.

And it is for a compromise that Mr. Graves seems to be out in his later poetry and in his criticism. His criticism is very illuminating, both for what it says and for what it tells us about himself. He is an out-and-out relativist. What is good poetry to one man, he claims, is bad poetry to another; what this age finds significant a later one will find meaningless. Bad poetry is poetry which does not ease or clarify our subconscious conflicts; but it may ease or clarify the complexes of another generation, and then it will become good poetry. The theory is consistent, but so are most theories of criticism; the important thing is to find out what by means of it the author wishes to prove. For problems of this kind are never resolved; their terms are only changed from time to time by the action of fresh intelligences. In what way has Mr. Graves's candid and unconventional intelligence changed them? In two ways chiefly: by casting doubt on the supreme utterances of poetry, for no poetry can be supreme which is good in one age and bad in another; and by making the criterion of poetry very largely a utilitarian one. Nothing could show more clearly Mr. Graves's compromising temper. For when a man becomes convinced that compromise is essential he will in time come to prefer the second-best to the best, or at any rate the good to the surpassing, recognizing that for his purposes the former is the more effective. Moreover compromise and a utilitarian preoccupation go together, the criterion of every compromise being essentially its usefulness. Nothing would be gained by controverting Mr. Graves's theories. They are a stimulating addition to critical thought; they emphasize factors which literary criticism almost always ignores, factors at present of the first importance.

The question is whether Mr. Graves has emphasized them in the right way. To take an extreme example, even if in certain ages Shakespeare has been a bad poet (not touching their particular conflicts) there is still a vast difference between him, in any age, and a bad poet like Martin Tupper. And it is for differences as important as this that Mr. Graves's critical theory does not provide. The psychological effect of poetry is so important to him that as a theorist he has an eye for very little else. "For the poet," he says, "the writing of poetry accomplishes a certain end, irrespective of whether the poem ever finds another reader but himself; it enables him to be rid of the conflicts between his sub-personalities. And for the reader, the reading of poetry performs a similar service; it acts for him as a physician of his mental disorders." As far as it goes this is no doubt true; but the poet may rid himself of his subconscious conflicts in an infinity of ways, and on various planes, and as important as his release is the manner in which he effects it. For to rid oneself of a conflict is to be in a different state, and the quality of that state is not a matter of indifference. Yet to Mr. Graves sometimes it seems to be indifferent what the state is so long as the conflict has been removed. "Francis Thompson's Sister Songs and Lear's Nonsense Rhymes," he says, "are apparently the same sort of escape from the same sort of conflict; strange that Lear is treated

* This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Muir, dealing with those younger authors of today who are in process of becoming established. Essays have appeared on D. H. Lawrence, Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Stephen Hudson, Aldous Huxley, and Virginia Woolf.

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less seriously. And who will say that the foolery in Edward Lear is less worthy of our tragic imagination than the terrible foolery at the crisis of King Lear?" The only thing that can be said in reply to this is that by the foolery in "King Lear" our conflicts are released into an infinitely greater world than they are by Edward Lear's nonsense verses. Although both help to rid us of our conflicts, they move us in completely different ways and with vastly different power. Nonsense verse does give our conflicts a certain relief. It presents us with a lively picture of the utter unintelligibility of our subconscious war, and the resignation to that unintelligibility loosens our tensions for a time. The mood of nonsense and the mood of mystery are alike in so far as they are evoked by things which seem unintelligible; the great difference between them is that while the one is a giving way to meaninglessness, the other is an attempt to impose meaning upon it. Not even to the curative psychologist concerned only to release the pressure of a conflict in the subconscious mind can these modes of relief appear of equal importance; to a poet interested in the positive temper of the soul it is quite impossible to see how they can.

It is when we come to Mr. Graves's later poetry that we see some of the bad effects of this curiously pragmatic evaluation of the act of poetic expression. The change is decisively marked in "Whipperginny," and the preface to the volume tells us that the author was aware of it. The first part of the book, he says, continues the mood of "Pier Glass," "aggressive and disciplinary, rather than escapist." "But in most of the later pieces," he adds, "will be found evidences of greater detachment in the poet and the appearance of a new series of problems in religion, psychology, and philosophy no less exacting than their predecessors, but, it may be said, of less emotional intensity."

In this later poetry and in some which Mr. Graves has written since we are conscious that each poem is a theme chosen. We admire the manner in which the poet's mind deals with it; but subject and mind are not fused; and it is not an experience that is registered, but a hypothesis. Nor is that the worst, for we are often aware that the poetry is performing a set psychological function. The machinery is too apparent. Certain of the poems in "Whipperginny," The Technique of Perfection, for instance, and The Bowl and the Rim, are simply hypothetical statements of the general conditions of psychological conflict about which the poet is clarifying his mind. But in resolving our subconscious conflicts poetry does not inform us of them, as psychoanalysis does; its operation is different, on the various planes of the psyche, and not, as in psychoanalysis, on the one which gives the key to the others: its effect is a harmonizing of the mind, rather than a clarifying of it. When Mr. Graves informs us in his poetry of the subconscious conflicts, therefore, he is forcing the natural growth of poetry with his intellect, and forcing it for a utilitarian purpose, that the effects of poetry might be enjoyed. In a process such as this the impulses of the unconscious are given a ready-made shape before they appear; the poet is prepared for them, and therefore against them, in advance; and the result is that they never achieve an organic expression, but only a schematized one. They are categories by the time Mr. Graves handles them, rather than energies. The only way one can mark the difference between

> Across two counties he can hear,
> And catch your words before you speak.
> The woodlouse or the maggot's weak
> Clamor rings in his sad ear,

from "Pier Glass," and

> Let us live upright, yet with care consider
> Whether, in living thus, we do not err,

from "Whipperginny," is by saying that the first contains potentially all that is in the second, and contains as well something more. And when one compares the much earlier In the Wilderness with the recent The Clipped Stater the discrepancy is still greater. In the Wilderness is not one of Mr. Graves's best poems, it is too inconclusive; but the difference between

> Basilisk, cockatrice,
> Flocked to his homilies,
> With mail of dread device,
> With monstrous barbéd slings,
> With eager dragon eyes;
> Great rats on leather wings,
> And poor blind broken things,
> Foul in their miseries

and

> Then Finity is true Godhead's final test,
> Nor does it shear the grandeur from Free Being;
> "I must fulfil myself by self-destruction."
> The curious phrase renews his conquering zest

is definite and striking. It is the difference between a state imagined and a state hypothecated and only dipped in the imagination to be given an intellectual convincingness. The first passage has the immediacy of reality, the second has not. The Clipped Stater is a floating fancy thrown off by the inconstant mind; it has no necessity; it may or may not be true. The question is not whether it is poetry. It is a question rather of the relative value of two kinds of work which Mr. Graves has produced and still continues to produce side by side. In literary criticism nothing can be proved; the only thing that one can say is that by poetry like In the Wilderness something is done that by The Clipped Stater is not done at all; that the first is real; the second, not certainly so; that they are consequently of different worth.

The interesting thing about Mr. Graves is that with such an effective equipment for compromise he sometimes deserts it and leads an attack on his own defenses. Nothing could be more different from the temporizing relativity of the critical books and the stifling compromise of Mock Beggar Hall than an occasional poem like The Rock Below. "Where speedwell grows and violets grow" the poet plucks up the flowers and finds stumps of thorn beneath. These come up and he sets a rosebush where they had been.

> Love has pleasure in my roses
> For a summer space.

But the roots of the rosebush turn on stone, so he tears it up and far beneath strikes on the rock, "jarring hatefully." But "up the rock shall start."

> Now from the deep and frightful pit
> Shoots forth the spiring phoenix-tree
> Long despaired in this bleak land,
> Holds the air with boughs, with bland
> Fragrance welcome to the bee,
> With fruits of immortality.

The contradiction in Mr. Graves's poetry is fundamental.

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On the one hand we have the consistent relativism of his later poetry; on the other a determination to dig down until his mind produces "fruits of immortality." There is the mass of his busy, temporizing, hypothetical verse, verse which seems to say: "This may be true, or it may not"; there are a few poems which leave no room for the relative or for questions of this kind. Lost Love and A Lover Since Childhood have this incontestable seriousness; some of the poems at the beginning of "Country Sentiment" have it in a higher degree than any Mr. Graves has written since. In these, and still more clearly in poems like In the Wilderness and The Rock Below, Mr. Graves shows himself to be an original poet. In his later pseudo-philosophical poetry the thought, while lively and full of idiosyncrasy, is never very original; the supposititious form in which it is advanced makes it appear far more profound than it is in reality. It may be that Mr. Graves's excursion into philosophy will deepen his mind, and that later he will return with fuller powers to the kind of poetry which he seems so inevitably equipped to write.

The Agricultural Recovery

By LOUIS H. BEAN

THE demand for farm relief which rose in the Wheat and Hog Belts in 1923 and in the Corn Belt in 1925 is likely to sweep the Cotton Belt in 1927. Low wheat and hog prices of 1923 produced the McNary-Haugen Bill, defeated by Congress in 1924; the low corn prices of 1925 produced the bills turned down in 1926; and if the present low price of cotton continues—as the prospect of another abundant crop this fall indicates—cotton growers will join their case with that of the Western farmers.

Divorced from political passion, what do statistics show? Is agriculture recovering? Is it keeping pace with industry?

The usual measure of farm progress or regress is the trend of the prices on the farm for farm products. But prices alone do not take into account the volume and costs of production; the farmer's net income and its exchange value in terms of the things he has to buy are of greater significance. But prices are important and play the dominant role in the farmer's state of mind. Let us study them.

In 1919-1920 both agricultural and non-agricultural prices reached approximately parallel post-war peaks (240 per cent of the pre-war level); but since then the two groups have followed different courses. By 1921 agricultural prices had dropped from the 1919-1920 level of 240 to 116 (16 per cent above pre-war prices), while non-agricultural prices fell only to 160 (60 per cent above pre-war prices). During the severest period of the depression the farmer could get at his local markets only 16 per cent more than the pre-war price for a unit of his product, while producers of industrial commodities received at the wholesale markets 60 per cent more than they did before the war. Today, despite five years of gradual improvement in the average of farm prices, they are still only 39 per cent above pre-war prices, while prices of other products stand 60 per cent above that level, which means that in pre-war terms a dollar's worth of farm products will today buy only 87 cents' worth of city-made goods.

While average farm prices have advanced from an index of 116 in 1921 to one of 139 in June, 1926, the gain has not been shared equally. Some products have made gains and lost them again; others, whose prices have only recently advanced, fear that the gains are only temporary. First came the recovery in the sheep and wool prices in 1922, induced by short supplies. But the relatively advantageous price-level so stimulated production that their next major movement will inevitably be downward. On the heels of the recovery in wool prices came a quick recovery in cotton prices, following short crops in 1921 and 1922. This recovery was lost after the bumper crop of 1925, and the prospect of another large crop in 1926 means a continued low level. Within the past two years the price of cotton has dropped from 35 cents to 16.

Corn and wheat improved in 1924, two years after cotton, prices being stimulated by a short domestic corn crop and a short foreign wheat crop. But the high price of corn (in 1924 above a dollar on the farm, the farmers, of course, expecting the good times to continue) dropped within a year to pre-war levels of 60 cents or less, as a result of the large crop in 1925 and the fact that there were fewer hogs on the farms to be fed. Wheat prices did not emerge from the depression until a world shortage occurred in 1924. The domestic shortage of 1926 enabled wheat growers to obtain satisfactory prices, but a return of both domestic and foreign supplies to normal levels this year has again reduced the price to producers.

Hog prices, like those of wheat, were slow to emerge from the depression, but for more than a year and a half they have been profitable to producers. Those hog producers who, because of low prices, sold out in 1923-1924 deprived themselves of the profitable prices of 1924-1925; and those who this year, noting the low corn prices, are feeding hogs for market, expecting to obtain in 1927 as high hog prices as prevail today, are also due for a disappointment. If farmers as a group respond to these high prices in their usual way, they will soon market enough hogs to lower prices again.

So the general farm price recovery, insufficient as it is, is not only incomplete but in part temporary. As a matter of fact, during the past year the average of farmers' prices dropped from an index of 152 in August, 1925, to 139 in July, 1926.

But the story of agricultural recovery is not completely told in schedules of prices. Farmers are less self-sufficient than they used to be, buying from other industries goods and services for both the farm and the farm home, and agricultural progress has to be considered in terms of net income rather than in terms of price. The farm recovery has been greater in terms of gross income than of net; during the past year gross income per farm amounted to 80 per cent of that in 1919-1920, but net income only to 70 per cent—and these incomes were considerably larger than the very low earnings during the years of the severest depression. Even with this improvement, the average net

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income per farm (amounting to $879 in 1925-1926, compared with $1,246 in 1919-1920) has not been sufficient for the past six years to give the average farmer a commercial interest return on his depreciated investment and an adequate wage for his own and his family's labor and management.

Costs of production have been relatively inflexible. In 1925, for instance, the agricultural industry as a whole paid in costs for the products and services of other industries nearly 3.1 billion dollars, compared with 3.3 billion in 1919. Taxes in 1925 were greater than in 1919; interest on mortgages and other indebtedness only slightly less. The sum total of all costs of production (including taxes, labor, rent, interest on debts, feed, fertilizer, etc.) was only 10 per cent lower in 1925 than in 1919, while gross income was down 20 per cent. This means that a greater portion of the average farmer's gross income is eaten up by costs (55 per cent in 1925, 49 per cent seven years ago); and a smaller part is left for his living expenses.

Lower costs of living have not helped the farmer much. Even when adjusted for the changes in living costs since 1919 for the country as a whole, the average farmer's net income of $879 in 1925-1926 could buy only about 80 per cent of the goods and services which his income of $1,246 bought in 1919-1920, failing by 20 per cent to maintain his standard of living before the depression.

The Present Industrial Prosperity

If city dwellers had fared no better than the farmers, the latter would need no special sympathy. But the fact is that the non-farming population for which data are available—those who derive their living from wages and profits of industry—has on the average not only maintained its standards of living of 1919 but has exceeded them.

Factory wage earners, who in number and dependents constitute about as large a section of our population as do those engaged in agriculture, have for the past three years enjoyed money wages equal to those earned in 1919-1920, with costs of living lower than before the depression. These money wages have enabled factory employees not only to maintain their 1919 buying power but to exceed it by about 16 per cent. The comparison with the similar figures for agriculture is striking:

Year	Relative purchasing power of Net income per farm family	Wages per employed factory worker
	Per cent	*Per cent*
1919-20	100	100
1920-21	47	103
1921-22	39	101
1922-23	60	112
1923-24	70	115
1924-25	81	116
1925-26	81	116

The buying power of farm incomes fell during the depression below half of the 1919 level, and has since recovered only to 81 per cent; the buying power of those actually employed in factories in no year fell below that of 1919 and during the past three years of virtually full employment has averaged 16 per cent higher, a shift in the distribution of the national income amounting to 30 per cent in favor of those employed in non-agricultural industries and at the expense of the farmer.

Corporation incomes, as reported to the United States Treasury Department, have gained even more. The net incomes of corporations (after payment of federal income taxes) may be taken as a measure of the economic welfare of those who derive their incomes from interest and dividends on their investments in industrial enterprises. In 1919, for instance, corporations reporting to the Treasury Department showed net incomes, after paying profits and income taxes, amounting to more than six billion dollars. The agricultural industry in that year earned as net income on the farm operators' investment and management 3 billion dollars. By 1923 the corporations had recovered from the depression sufficiently to show a net income of more than 5 billion dollars, roughly 85 per cent of their earnings of 1919; but in the same year the earnings on agricultural capital were only a half billion dollars—roughly 20 per cent of their 1919 earnings. For 1925 corporation income-tax returns will undoubtedly show a total net income close to 6 billion dollars.[1] Agricultural net income amounted last year to a little more than a billion dollars. Thus while the earnings of corporate enterprises are about equal to those of the prosperous year 1919, agriculture has reached only one-third of its 1919 earnings. This large difference must not be taken at face value, in view of the considerable deflation that has taken place in the current values of agricultural investment and the possible increase in corporate investment. The earnings should perhaps be expressed as rates earned on investment. When so expressed for 1923, the only year when comparable data are available, it appears that the farming industry, according to the Department of Agriculture, earned approximately 3.3 per cent on investment, including reward for management, while corporations earned an average of 11.0 per cent.[2]

Why shouldn't the farmers howl?

Who's Who in Wisconsin

By BEVIER ROBINSON

Racine, Wisconsin, August 24

WISCONSIN'S primary election on September 7 is now only two weeks away; the office-seekers are making their final appeals to the voters, who have appeared somewhat unresponsive throughout the campaign. Probably not more than 50 per cent of those qualified to vote will take the trouble to do so. The political atmosphere is filled with accusations, insinuations, and recriminations, cries for lower taxes and demands for fewer State commissions.

Chief interest centers in the Blaine-Lenroot Senatorial contest. In past elections the Republican nomination for this office has been equivalent to election. This year prohibition, farm relief, the Esch-Cummins Act, and the Newberry Case have been discussed, but the big battle has been on the question of the World Court. Mr. Lenroot, who was the Administration leader during the fight for the World Court, declares he is proud of the stand he took. Blaine is bitterly attacking Lenroot for his support of the court, which, he declares, is only a scheme of the international bankers to make more secure their large investments in

[1] Based on a large number of reports of representative corporations. The monthly review of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York for June, 1926, shows profits to have been 30 per cent greater in 1925 than in 1924, when all corporations showed net incomes amounting to 4.5 billion dollars.

[2] Net income of all corporations for 1923 reported as 5,370 million dollars, interest paid 3,278, and compensation of officers 2,576; total of 11,224 on a capital investment of 102 billion dollars at the beginning of 1923, as recently estimated by the Federal Trade Commission.

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Europe and to preserve the ill-gotten gains of the victorious nations. Mr. Lenroot has challenged the Governor to debate the World Court question and other campaign issues, but so far Mr. Blaine has refused to accept his challenges. Both Lenroot and Blaine have proved themselves good campaigners and have stumped the State from Beloit to Superior and from La Crosse to Milwaukee. Lenroot's daughter, Mrs. Black, and Mrs. Blaine are taking an active part in the campaign, and the Blaines are being compared to the Fergusons of Texas. It is even suggested that Mrs. Blaine writes her husband's speeches, as Jim is said to do for Ma.

On the question of prohibition neither Governor Blaine nor Senator Lenroot has taken an open stand. Both have refrained from discussing the question. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League are said to have indorsed Lenroot, who has announced, however, that he approves of a referendum in Wisconsin which would petition Congress to modify the Volstead Act so as to permit the manufacture and sale of 2.75 per cent beer. Blaine, formerly dry, is supposed to be wet and has received the indorsement of the national vice-president of the Association Against Prohibition.

The question of farm relief has played little part in the present campaign. Diversified farming has to a great extent solved the farmers' difficulties in Wisconsin. Crops here are usually good and there are ready markets. Most of the farmers are prosperous and contented. Senator La Follette has been touring the State asking the farmers to repudiate Lenroot because he voted for the Esch-Cummins Act, which returned the railroads to their private owners and which, he charges, has taken millions from the State in increased freight rates.

The newspapers are fighting Blaine to the limit. Were one to judge the outcome of the Senatorial fight by the attitude of the press Blaine stands little show in his battle for Lenroot's seat. With one exception every daily newspaper in Wisconsin is supporting Lenroot. The press contends that taxes have alarmingly increased since Blaine has been Governor. It also asserts that Blaine has created numerous offices as rewards to his political supporters. It is charged that factories are leaving the State because of excessive taxes. The State officials who are backing Governor Blaine are spoken of in the press as the "Madison Ring." If the Governor wins the nomination it will reveal how small an influence the press exerts in determining the politics of Wisconsin. The large manufacturing and business interests in general are opposing the La Follette-Blaine-Ekern ticket.

This year several prominent Progressives have deserted the La Follette ranks. Congressman Schafer of Milwaukee is supporting Lenroot. The Secretary of State, Mr. Zimmerman, is seeking the Republican nomination for Governor and is opposing the Blaine-La Follette candidate, Mr. Ekern.

The outcome of the election is uncertain, with odds favoring the La Follette slate. During his many years in office Robert M. La Follette, Sr., built up a large personal following and, though dead, he exerts a profound influence over the voters. Lenroot is not popular among the farmers and workers. His strength lies in the cities among the business men and professional classes. He will receive the votes of all those who support the Coolidge Administration. The 50,000 members of the railroad brotherhoods in Wisconsin have announced their support of Blaine. He will also get the major portion of the wet vote, as well as the votes of the large German and Scandinavian population, which tends toward radicalism and which vigorously opposes the World Court.

Campaign expenditures are mounting and may reach astonishing proportions before the primary election day, September 7. The Lenroot supporters have been spending most of the money. The La Follette forces have had little to spend and have been forced to take collections to defray the expenses of the various campaign meetings. Milwaukee is deluged with campaign literature and every effort is going to be made before election day to defeat the La Follette forces. But such efforts will probably be unsuccessful.

In the Driftway

FROM a young woman, recently graduated from college, comes an addition to the Valentino obituary literature:

> Apart from the mere vastness of the popular interest, there seems to be a special quality about the emotion to which the public has been stirred by the passing of this man. It is not a public emotion; it has the poignancy of intimate acquaintance. He was a romantic lover, the embodiment of an adolescent dream, but there have been greater lovers who have been less deeply mourned. Valentino was more real than the heroes of song and story for whom young maidens used to weep, more real even than living figures on the stage. The silver screen brings its heroes closer to the audience than heroes have ever been. It presents its figures in intimate detail. The throngs who flocked to see Valentino in New York and in New Zealand, the shopgirls in factory towns and the undergraduates in college towns knew everything about him but his voice. They knew his physical aspect as though he had been the personal lover of each of them, and that which they knew has suffered dissolution.

* * * * *

THIS seems to be a point of view sufficiently interesting to be worth passing on, whether or not it is entirely waterproof. The Drifter has no pet theory in regard to the secret of Valentino's popularity, but he has some doubt of its genuineness and still more of its durability. There is no denying that Valentino was the idol of thousands—yes, millions—of both sexes in their late 'teens and early twenties. Yet to the Drifter it seemed that the popularity of Valentino increased vastly the moment he was reported to be ill and still more when word came of his death. Wasn't much of the apparent interest and emotion merely the result of the tremendous blare of publicity that the newspapers created? These agencies for catering to the public taste have learned how to sharpen that taste in order to cater to it. Within recent years they have devoted more and more attention to the details of the death and burial of any widely prominent man. Recall Mr. Bryan and President Harding as instances.

* * * * *

THUS it seems to the Drifter that in a sensible measure the popularity of Valentino was a sudden and artificial creation; it was a mass or herd attitude rather than an individual one. It was a temporary emotion inspired to no small extent during Valentino's last illness by that tremendous publicity engine, the modern newspaper. It remains to be seen how long Valentino will be remembered.

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Will his pictures live after him as, say, the phonograph records of Caruso's voice have survived?

* * * * *

NEVERTHELESS, the career and still more the amazing demonstration in connection with the cutting short of that career is something for a historian or a philosopher to ponder over. It shows as no facts or figures can the appalling reach and grip of the motion picture. It is also a reminder that although reason is supposed to be that which distinguishes man from other animals we are still hardly affected at all by an appeal to it as compared with one to our emotions. Charles W. Eliot gave ninety-two years of intellectual achievement to his country. Dying almost at the same time as Rudolph Valentino, his career was all but forgotten beside that of the motion-picture actor of thirty-one whose appeal was to the emotions at their strongest—or weakest?—point, the thirst for romance.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

How to Have Honest Elections

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The trouble seems to be not with Pennsylvania but with our election system. I suggest that we wipe out the present expensive method of electing officials with booths, ballots, committees, counters, checkers, primaries, conventions, etc., and instead have our prominent, successful, and aspiring citizens send sealed bids to a central bureau stating their offer for the office they desire. This would be a source of income to the state; it is democratic in that all would share in the money whereas now only a relatively few of the voters receive anything for their votes; it would put men in office in direct ratio to their capacities. The wealthiest and therefore the most capable would be able to buy the Presidency, Senatorships, etc., while the less well to do and therefore less capable, but still wealthy and capable, would get the jobs of mayor and alderman.

Detroit, Michigan, August 1 ETHAN E. EDLOFF

Mexico and the Church

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to register my amazement at the fact that your periodical should publish The Mexican Church Goes on Strike, appearing in your issue for August 18.

Quite possibly Carleton Beals, being in the benighted land of Mexico, particularly in the very midst of the so-called tranquillity prevailing there, namely, in Mexico City, had not heard of the defamatory tactics used by the Mexican Government in regard to Monsignor Caruana, Apostolic Delegate. Might not *The Nation*, however, have had a little more regard for the good name of an American citizen than to print the odious slander once again?

It is very distasteful for people who have broad vision to be forced to wade through old hoary, benighted, bigoted, and oft-refuted slanders in their search for authentic facts regarding events of current interest. I feel that I have to make an apology for placing the August 18 issue in our reading-room. It is a near insult to the intelligence of our patrons.

HENRY H. REGNET, S.J.,
Librarian, St. Louis University

St. Louis, August 14

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mexico no longer wishes to tolerate the tyranny, the landlordism, the educational and political hegemony of the Roman church. One of the objects of the Eucharistic Congress in the United States was to bring pressure to bear on Mexico through a show of strength and influence.

At the time when the patriotic guns at Lexington and Concord signaled the dawn of modern democracy, almost all the nations, states, and colonies of the world were blighted by a union of church and state, and as a result persecution born of intolerant dogmatic theology and unreasoning bigotry cursed the world. The history of Christian Europe for hundreds of years constituted one of the most cruel, dark, and bloody pages in the annals of mankind. Whatever dogmatic creed or faith became dominant, persecution of dissenters followed.

Mexico is trying to separate the church from the state and do away with religious schools. Where the government is pledged to divorce of church and state, education should be secular or free from all taint of creedal theology. Religious schools tend to fan the flame of narrow sectarian spirit and to keep alive the religious bigotry that has been a source of discord and a menace to the most sacred rights of the individual.

Newark, New Jersey, August 14 A. J. PETTY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for August 18 Carleton Beals writes about "The Mexican Church on Strike." But it is the Catholic church in Mexico that is on strike—there is no Mexican church any more than there is an American church.

New York, August 23 MULLIGAN MACSHANE

De Valera's Position

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For more than ten years I have been a constant reader of *The Nation*, and so far as I have had any news on foreign affairs they have been founded principally on the information gathered from the different distinguished contributors to your paper. Particularly have I followed the news stories of H. W. Nevinson, and while I do not always agree with his opinions or deductions, I did not for a moment doubt his truthfulness.

But in his article on Ireland in a recent *Nation* I read that Mr. De Valera proposed that he and his followers should take the oath of allegiance in order that they should have representation in the Dail and Senate of the Free State. I cannot conceive how Mr. Nevinson can make such a statement after visiting Ireland. Mr. De Valera, even the opposition press admits, parted from Miss MacSwiney because of his intention to enter the Free State Dail and Senate, when the oath of allegiance *was abolished*. His present campaign is an effort to convince the electors of Ireland that the oath should be abolished, and if he succeeds and his followers form a majority of those elected to the Dail, then he will enter without the oath.

One other statement of Mr. Nevinson's deserves notice. He says that the learning of Irish would be a burden on the Protestants. I suppose learning is a burden to most people, but why should Irish burden the Protestants more than the Catholics? As a Protestant I resent the implication of stupidity.

St. Paul, Minnesota, August 12 R. BROWN

Religion and Evolution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Evolution is the ally, and not the enemy of religion. I believe that the religion of the future will be founded upon science. If no divine revelation had ever reached us, the scientific facts and teachings of evolution would be sufficient to prove the existence of a wise, eternal, and beneficent force (which we call "God"), a constantly working intelligence, moving ever forward and upward, with a definite aim and intention; and that aim and intention was, quite clearly and undeniably, the production of the human race upon the earth.

Los Angeles, July 2 BERTRAND SHADWELL

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Books and Art

Words for a Young Woman Who Wanted to Die

By JAMES RORTY

Death falls from the air, unwise the first
Crow of the young cockerel, bloody the grass while the scared hawk rises
Angry, unsated; her helpless brood will starve
Withered and dry and dead where the cool wind stirs
The straw of the nest on the mountain.

God is a hunter unsure, why does death neither hasten nor wait
There where the maimed fox crawls in the brambles
Moaning to earth? . . . There is not
Death enough in the world, men say, we shall judge
Life, we shall choose, we have hands, we can wield
Pistol and knife and rope, we are free, we have souls, we desire
Riches and love and peace, we shall poison the fierce
Sane cruelty of life with the mind's
Sick fevers; we breathe, eat, sleep, only to botch
Being with consciousness, we are the incommensurable
Idiots of the universe, creatures of God's decadence, life's
Last epilogue. . . . God, what empty echoes ring when man, the denier, steps
Falsely from his part, struts, poses and declaims—ah, God what lying trumpets blare
His curtain!

First Glance

AMERICAN university presses are for the most part feeble affairs, contenting themselves year in and year out with the publication of researches done on the campus by Ph.D.'s who will never be heard of again. It is a pity, for while these presses can hardly hope to lead in the production of a creative literature, they have it in their power to become central distributors of important and attractive information. There are exceptions, of course, in varying degrees—California, Wisconsin, Chicago, North Carolina, Princeton, Columbia, Harvard, and Yale coming readily to mind. And it must be said that two of these have recently been active to excellent effect.

The Yale Press, aiming at popularity with its "Chronicles of America," its moving pictures, and now its "Pageant of America," has gained rather than lost in dignity, since the enterprises in question have been ably directed. Three new volumes of the "Pageant" are at hand, and I am more than ever impressed by the possibilities of the scheme—which is to give in pictures and captions under pictures the social history of white men on the American continent. The possibilities are not always realized, for good reasons or for bad. Stanley Thomas Williams, for instance, in compiling the volume called "The American Spirit in Letters," suffered from the circumstance that literary history cannot be told in pictures. Portraits of authors notoriously tell little about their books, and even the very best views of their birthplaces tell nothing at all. This is not so true of the minor authors of a faded day—men marked by their period in much the same way as the furniture was. So Mr. Williams succeeds better with Thomas Bailey Aldrich than he does with Melville, to each of whom he gives two pages; he can make a fine showing with Irving in twelve pages; and, because rural New England is more picturesque than the democratic universe, he must lavish six pages on Whittier against four for Whitman. Many of the illustrations are charming and valuable, but the history as such is inevitably superficial. Talbot Faulkner Hamlin's "The American Spirit in Architecture" labors, naturally, under no such handicap. Flat reproductions of buildings and monuments may not tell everything, but they tell in an instant more than words could tell in years; and they are necessary. Mr. Hamlin's text, too, is more critical than that of Mr. Williams. With a fine feeling for detail he traces the forward and backward plunges of architectural taste in America from the first log house, through the colonial generations, the classical revival, the awful seventies, and the ambitious nineties, to the last wonderful creation of Bertram Goodhue. Quite as moving a story is to be read in Malcolm Keir's "The Epic of Industry," which, making short work of the simple days before the industrial revolution, comes on down to the bewildering age of coal, oil, electricity, iron, and steel in which we live. Here are the machines we talk so much about and so seldom see. Here is America blindly trying her strength. Here too is something, though not much, of the war between owner and worker in mill and mine. Here, perhaps, is the most famous tale of them all.

The University of North Carolina Press, in those volumes of its Social Study Series which are devoted to the Negro, is attempting American history on a totally different scale though with equally rich results. Messrs. Odum and Johnson, who opened the series last year with "The Negro and his Songs," follow now with "Negro Workaday Songs" ($3), a minute inquiry into the blues which beyond count multiply each year in the South as singing Negroes celebrate the wanderings, the loves, the labors, the sins, and the woes of their ancient race. Still another volume, "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro," by Newbell Niles Puckett ($5), exhaustively explores the world of superstition, bringing back several thousand specific beliefs for the information of anthropologists and the entertainment of lay observers. And more volumes are promised—the well of this subject having no bottom. No series, North or South, deserves better encouragement.

MARK VAN DOREN

Two Stages of Historical Science

The Historian and Historical Evidence. By Allen Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The Theory of History. By Frederick J. Teggart. Yale University Press. $2.50.

EVERY type of historian—"respectable" or "new"—is likely to assent to the proposition that he must first have the facts concerning human activity in the past if he is to proceed with either casual narrative or cultural synthesis. Hence all historians will welcome the clear introduction to the fundamental assumptions and underlying methods of historical research which has been executed by Professor Johnson. We have had a number of books on phases of this subject by such writers

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as Droysen, Bernheim, Wolff, Feder, Langlois and Seignobos, George, Fling, Vincent, and Mace, but they have been either too advanced or too specialized to constitute adequate guidance for the beginner in the academic study of history or for the intelligent general reader who desired to acquaint himself with the criteria involved in assessing the credibility of historical works. Professor Johnson has succeeded admirably in providing just such a comprehensive but elementary manual as we have needed. He deals with such subjects as the sources of historical information, the assumptions and methods of historical criticism, and the assessment and exploitation of historical evidence with maturity of judgment, catholicity of viewpoint, and clarity of statement. The most novel, and one of the most valuable, features of the volume is a relatively long chapter on the evolution of historical method.

While Professor Johnson has been in his professional career a "respectable" narrative and biographical historian, he has been a thoughtful and tolerant practitioner of his craft and has not been unaware of the progress made in the "new" or synthetic and interpretative history. In the last chapter of the present treatise—that on The Use of Hypotheses—he refers to many suggestive aspects of the new history without indignation, and often with tentative approval. Even the Freudian psychology, as an important phase of the technique of the historical biographer, does not floor him. He actually grants that it may have much value when used with scientific and reasonable restraint. Few sober adherents to the gospel of cultural and institutional history could well object to the wisdom embodied in the closing paragraph of the book:

> Historians owe much to the social sciences, no doubt, but the obligation is reciprocal. The social sciences were founded on data furnished by historical research, and they cannot remain indifferent to the critical processes by which that material was obtained. There are cogent reasons for believing, moreover, that historians will continue to furnish data which political scientists, anthropologists, economists, and sociologists will need increasingly. It may well be that historians need a wider point of view—perhaps new points of view—and that they would profit by using the hypotheses suggested by the social sciences; but more than ever they must weigh evidence with meticulous care. The more daring and the more promising the hypotheses, the greater the obligation to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The professional activities of Professor Teggart have covered the two most widely separated extremes of historical work, namely, the compilation of library catalogues of historical sources and an exposition of historical theory. The latter has been his real love, however, and he has been almost our only important writer on the "pure" theory of history. His first work in this field, entitled "Prolegomena to History," compared the scientific and historical methods, denounced the superficiality and irrelevance of the literary historians, indicated the inadequacy of the philosophical and logical approach to historical materials, and pointed out the dangers in basing the premises of historical science upon the dogmas of evolutionary biology. The book contained much suggestive material, but was diffuse and discursive, and it showed little contact with contemporary work toward the improvement of historical thought and writing. The present book is in many ways an expansion and rearrangement of the "Prolegomena." Professor Teggart's second book, "The Processes of History," endeavored to illustrate the factors and processes of cultural and institutional development. The contentions of the work were sound, but the generalizations were of the obvious and self-evident sort and had been well known and generally accepted by most up-to-date historians for a generation. It would have been an admirable work for the conventional historians who are innocent of the theory of the new history, but few of them have ever heard of it, much less read it.

The fundamental purpose of Professor Teggart's third book is to provide a science of social change. One of the most persistent obstacles to the development of such a science has been the domination of the historical field by the conventional or narrative historian.

At the same time, many of the cultural and institutional historians have also failed to construct a true science of social transformation, because they have normally been the victims either of the Comtean dogma of inevitable progress through definite stages of development or of the Darwinian dogma of orderly, uniform, and continuous social and cultural evolution. What is really needed is a truly inductive and empirical study of the actual processes of social change, divorced from adherence to any particular dogma concerning social genesis. This procedure was initiated by Hume and Turgot and rediscovered independently, so we are informed by the author, by Frederick John Teggart in 1918.

With the basic theses of the book the reviewer is in entire agreement. He differs only with respect to Professor Teggart's insistence upon their uniqueness and originality and upon his own claim to their discovery, acceptance, and application. They had been the working hypotheses of many progressive historians long before Professor Teggart had written a line on the subject. He apparently insists upon playing a lone hand. Less than twenty pages are devoted to the work of the modern synthetic and interpretative historians, Robinson, Cheyney, and Burr being selected as the examples, and these historians are condemned for not having received the fulness of the vision of the Hume-Turgot-Teggart trinity. Professor Teggart is much like Francis Bacon, who wrote eloquently in support of the scientific method, but produced only his feeble "Sylva Sylvarum," denounced Copernicus and Gilbert, and ignored Bruno, Kepler, Galileo, and Harvey.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

The Time of Woman

The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. $2.50.

PENELOPE waited at home, eternally weaving by day and unraveling by night, keeping her husband's house, protecting his interests, setting herself apart for him, sure, strong, faithful. In Miss Roberts's lyric tale of a heroic woman, Penelope accompanies her man wherever he must go, strengthens him, protects him, mothers him as well as his children. The story of Ellen Chesser, raised among Kentucky poor whites and remaining one of them, is a story of life lived near the ground, among the rocks, without comfort or permanence. Half gipsy-travelers, picking their way along muddy roads, tenant farmers giving their shares to the owner before they can have a bit for themselves, women worn with child-bearing, men bent with plowing, children scrawny with poor food and cold and insufficient clothing. A sorry lot, and yet, seen through sympathetic eyes, not unlovely.

Miss Roberts is slow in getting her story under way, allowing herself to drift off into details that are confusing because of their multiplicity. Her child, Ellen, weary with the melancholy of childhood, yearning to be back with the gipsy woman who could weave fairy tales for her of a little house and a garden and flowers growing and one's own calf and chickens, seems remote from Ellen, the comforter, the home-maker, bearing her children without flinching or weakness. But if there is a break between the first third of the novel and the rest, the end rises to a dramatic force that is wholly admirable. Ellen and her husband have at last found a place that suits them, they see clearly the possibility that they may own their little farm; and to make a speedy end to this dreaming, the neighbors come in to lynch Jasper for a crime that he did not commit, the echo of one that he was once accused of committing. It is Ellen, his wife, who saves him from the hands of the mob, Ellen by her sharp tongue, by her fearlessness, by her standing firm and refusing to give an inch of ground. And it is Ellen, when the mob has ridden away, who lifts him up, who washes his wounds,

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who cares for him the days that he must lie in bed. It is Ellen who protects him from the curious eyes of his children. It is Ellen who goes with him, children and all, riding out under the moon to find another dwelling place.

The feel of the earth, the smell of animals, the sound of the wind blowing, the countless voices of the farm and shapes of the fields are obedient to Miss Roberts's will. She has an extraordinary ear: "The rocks fell where she laid them with a faint, flat sound . . . the milk began to flow into the pails with a high thin crying sound that became low and dull as the liquid beat upon the foam. . . ." And her eye is no less sharp. She must believe that she ought to write less than she hears and sees to make her reader hear and see more. But this is a fault in the right direction. If she is occasionally confused and verbose, she can also make her young heroine say: "I'm old. I'm so old I'm about done with liven. . . . I'm old and old and old. I've been in life a long, long time. . . ." Thus youth speaks at the age of sixteen, if not always in such poetic language. "And the house fixed up, the shutters mended and the porch don't leak. To sit on a Saturday when the work is done. A vine up over the chimney. . . ." This is Ellen, on the night before her marriage. "He knowed you best, Jasper, best of all. He knowed Hen and Nannie and Joe and Dick, but he knowed you the best and liked you first." Ellen, with her dead baby on her knees.

A book that is somehow realistic although written in poetic language, that is beautiful though it deals with dirt and poverty and ugliness. A saga of the heroic woman, living near the earth.

DOROTHY GRAFFE

Whither Mr. Beebe?

The Arcturus Adventure. By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

LIKE "Galapagos" "The Arcturus Adventure" is exciting reading. The story of a voyage through the Sargasso Sea, of a volcano pouring lava into a boiling sea, of hours spent under water in a diver's helmet watching sharks feed about a scientist's bare legs, of dredging in the Hudson's deep-sea gorge —greater than the Grand Canyon, wilder than the South Pole, and only a hundred miles from the Woolworth Building—could hardly not be exciting; and the man who planned these adventures can hardly not be interesting.

Yet William Beebe is in a little danger of being spoiled. He has learned that he is an interesting man who does exciting things; and the poison of self-consciousness threatens to make of him a showman exhibiting himself. Now, there is nothing more difficult for a scientist to do than to write about his work for the general public, and little that is more important. The fraternity of research men—most of whom seem unable to express themselves in simple, comprehensible English—sneers a unanimous sneer at the "popularizer." He is regarded as akin to the doctor who sins the sin of advertising. It isn't clubby. And the result too often is that the public is left to pick its crumbs of science from the newspaper headlines. William Beebe long ago took the risk of crossing the frontier that separates the scientist from the artist in words. His first efforts in literature—"The Log of the Sun" (1906), for instance —were ghastly—full of quotations from the poets and observations about the hand of God in nature. But much of the writing that came out of his Guiana laboratory broke away from the dead claws of literary tradition and had the vivid quality which only close observation of intensely lived experience can give. His gift is reporting, not philosophizing. In "Galapagos," a glorious story of a glowing experience, he arrived. In "The Arcturus Adventure" he seems desperately conscious of that arrival.

Burroughs in his earlier years, Muir, Thoreau wrote in response to an inner creative necessity—not because editors and publishers had told them their experience would make salable reading. Thoreau's stories of his Maine adventure, Muir's of his nights in the high Sierras, have a directness and simplicity that maintain them as living parts of American literature. Beebe has had greater adventures than any of these; he has a keenness of the senses and a zest for intensive living which even Muir could hardly rival; but sometimes he writes like a celebrity in a dress suit condescending to a cultured audience which has paid $5 a head to look at him. It isn't good enough. It isn't good enough for William Beebe, who remains one of the rare human scientists capable of writing for laymen.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Swan Song?

A Mirror to France. By Ford Madox Ford. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

> Here then is presented to you a picture more than anything of how to be happy—of people intensely individualistic who intend to remain intensely individualistic; of small shopkeepers who intend to remain and only to deal with small shopkeepers; of people with adequate means of living who intend to retain adequate means of living but to leave it at that; of a people of some culture who get enough pleasure out of their culture to remain a people of some culture; of a people whose peasant families work immensely hard in order that one member of the family may practice an art or indulge in abstract thought; and of a people less represented by its governments than any other people that ever was.

THIS book then is an impressionistic account of a love affair carried on with a whole people. As the author states, its importance is greater than is immediately apparent; but unfortunately that importance lies in a different direction from the one he would have us believe. For with all the sturdy Toryism that insists on transforming the loved object that passes into a sempiternal reality, Mr. Ford cannot convince us, ingratiating though his argument may be, that his France where flourish "chivalric generosity, frugality, pure thought, and the arts" is not now subject to corrosion by the white-tiled bathroom civilization. What Mr. Ford terms the "real French" may be very imperfectly represented by their governments, but, like those who touch pitch, they must be inevitably defiled by the merest contact with a bureaucracy which since the armistice has steeped France in the mire of two wars and which refuses to forget its national hatreds when other countries have relinquished theirs in sheer fatigue. Mr. Ford's enthusiasms, gracious, supply recorded, make the heart ache for a vanishing glory; and all his forensic vigor has but a summatory and historical value. To him it is a hymn of joy that he sings; but to those who know that the most tenaciously rooted trees are subject to blight and dry rot, it has the forlorn ring of a requiem.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Inside Looking On

Readings in Trade Unionism. By David J. Saposs. With the Collaboration of Bertha Tigay Saposs. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Left Wing Unionism. By David J. Saposs. International Publishers. $1.60.

NO one is better fitted to throw light into the corners of social development than one who is at once participant in and analyst of the movement he interprets. Few social institutions are fortunate enough to possess within their ranks men who can remain active on the inside even as they stand off and look on. The American labor movement possesses such a scientist-member in Mr. Saposs. His rich and varied experience as worker, student, and teacher is apparent in these two volumes. Long years of field work, numerous interviews with trade-union members and leaders, intimate observation of union activities,

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minute study of documentary sources, obviously lie behind them. Obviously, too, they are first products of a mill crowded with the grist for further production. Perhaps that is why even the beginnings which they constitute present so rounded a picture of one phase of the life going on within the labor movement of the United States.

Taken singly they yield an important insight into trade-union life; taken together they contribute in addition an intimate understanding of a characteristic and continuing chapter in American labor development. For many years now the American Federation of Labor has represented majority unionism in the United States. Minority unions came and went—the I. W. W., the Workers' International Industrial Union, seceding organizations, dual organizations; the federation remained.

Naturally it became a center of attention, praise, and hot attack. Yet, just because of its preoccupation with the affairs of every day, it became difficult to learn just what the federation stood for. The sparks flying from heated controversy but feebly illuminated the disputants; the praise of partisans and the detractions of foes were alike unreliable; very few had the time or knowledge to piece together accurately from the threads scattered through official journals and publications the pattern of its thought. Such a service as that performed by these "Readings" has long been needed.

Mr. Saposs has made majority unionism in the United States write its autobiography. Selecting from the chartered wilderness of official journals, resolutions, convention proceedings, and pamphlets he offers the materials for the first authentic portrait of the A. F. of L. by itself. Here officials of the majority unions set forth their philosophy—their ideas on union tactics and strategy, on collective bargaining, on organization techniques, strikes, injunctions, political action, on every phase of trade-union activity. Many will be surprised to find that the federation philosophy and vision of the future contain as many elements of radicalism as they do. But there is more in the "Readings" than material for a self-portrait. They also make an excellent introduction to Mr. Saposs's study of "Left Wing Unionism."

For it is this thing that the radical left-wingers are fighting. As Mr. Saposs points out, they have been fighting it for many years; indeed the radicals sought a foothold in the American labor world soon after the Civil War. The Socialists tried to efface it; the syndicalists tried; today the Communists are its most active opponents. All tried to win the federation to "class consciousness," to separate labor parties, to the advocacy of social revolution. They developed varying methods of battle; the radical sects even came to war among themselves over the respective merits of "dual unionism" and "boring from within." Mr. Saposs's study is in reality an attempt to appraise the relative values of radical methods in the American labor movement. For he seems to believe that the explanation of their persistent failures lies with the radicals themselves. In Europe the radicals have made far more impression; large sectors of American industry, especially in its huge, trustified areas, still remain non-union. Where have the radical left-wingers slipped up?

To discover the answer, Mr. Saposs presents a thorough analysis of the outstanding methods of radical attack upon the American Federation of Labor. "Boring from within" has been a time-honored method of reform. The Socialists tried it before the war, and failed. Today their old-time militancy has disappeared in an anxiety to work with the existing union officialdom; the cloak of their militancy has passed on to the Communists. These new radicals have attempted sturdily, according to Mr. Saposs, to wrest the labor movement from the "deadening influence of an old and fossilized leadership." Mr. Saposs analyzes boring from within into its two dominant types: the one that relies on propaganda and the one that relies on militancy. The Communists, embracing militancy, have discovered its limitations. They have been effectively driven from many of the more important unions, expelled, isolated, forced to work under cover. Dual unionism may thus be given its trial in time, willy-nilly.

Such an analysis cannot but prove suggestive to practical unionists and also to students of labor. One could wish, however, that Mr. Saposs's analysis of left-wing unionism had been a little fuller, a little more rounded. Surely it may be asked what part American conditions played in the slow progress of labor radicalism; what influence the disappearance of the frontier, the triumph of large-scale industry and mass production, the cessation of immigration from Europe, the new "welfare" tactics of employers, the spread of the "company-union" movement—what influence such forces will have on the future of American labor radicalism. Perhaps Mr. Saposs will take up some of these pressing and unanswered questions in his next.

SYLVIA KOPALD

Auld Lang Syne

The Worship of Nature. By Sir James George Frazer. Volume I. The Macmillan Company. $4.

VOLUME I of Sir James's Gifford Lectures for 1924 and 1925, to be followed, no doubt, by volume II and, not improbably, by volume III; the whole thing in years to come to be condensed into an abridged edition—a portly tome of some seven or eight hundred pages. The thing is almost cosmic in its proportions and regularity.

I remember the late Joseph Jacobs was wont to review encyclopedias. Men of his talents and inclinations should be reviewing Frazer. They would be kept busy. But one might as well give an abstract of a dictionary! The same length: 572 closely printed pages! The same elaborate, quaintly old-fashioned footnotes, with no abbreviations or ibids. The same amazing erudition—no language or author or sheet, however remote or obscure, is safe from Sir James's curiosity. The same geographical survey method: the worship of the sky—in general, among the Vedic Indians, among the ancient Iranians, Greeks, Romans, Babylonians, Assyrians, in China, Korea, and so on and on *ad infinitum*, with the earth as a limit. And also the same schoolboy perfection of diction, grammatically impeccable, sweetened with sentimentality, mortally boring in the finished balance of its cadences.

And yet, some years ago, the news of a fresh volume from Frazer's pen used to kindle my curiosity and arouse expectations of things to come. For, in those days, when Frazer had spoken Andrew Lang also spoke. He had a counter-argument for each one of Frazer's arguments, a quotation to balance (and usually contradict) each one of his quotations, an antidote for each one of his theories, and then—a better one of his own! And with what grace did that romantic mystery scout demolish what his rival had built up with such consummate factual equipment! Frazer wrote "The Magic Art" (first two harbingers of the Golden Bough library)—Andrew Lang answered with "The Making of Religion" and "Magic and Religion." Frazer perpetrated his early essays on totemism—Lang was right there with "Social Origins" and "The Secret of the Totem." Frazer, rising to the occasion, bestowed upon us his "Totemism and Exogamy" (in four volumes)—and Lang answered in an encyclopedia article, the article on "Totemism" in the 11th edition of the Britannica (the one in the 9th edition was Frazer's).

It was a curious combat this. Frazer used bricks, Lang dynamite. With infinite patience Frazer heaped his bricks brought from all corners of the globe into skyscraping Babels, only to have them reduced to ruins by a well-aimed thrust. Andrew Lang is dead, Frazer—now Sir James— still produces hecatombs of books. But my curiosity is no longer kindled nor is there anticipation of things about to happen. No Frazer should outlive his Andrew Lang.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

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Books in Brief

Concerning Parents. A Symposium on Present Day Parenthood. The New Republic, Inc. $1.

This handy paper-covered volume contains the addresses made at the Conference on Modern Parenthood held last fall by the Child Study Association of America. The relations of parents and children in the light of modern psychology are discussed by Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, Dr. Elton G. Mayo, Leta Hollingsworth, and a score of others. Their almost entire unanimity—only one essay in the volume being pitched in the old moralistic key—is a tribute to the authority which scientific conceptions have gained in this field.

The Plague Pamphlets of Thomas Dekker. Edited by F. P. Wilson. Oxford University Press. $3.

The fame of Thomas Dekker's pamphlets describing the rogues and cut-purses, gallants and gulls of early Stuart London has somewhat obscured the excellences of another series of pamphlets from the same practiced pen. Mr. Wilson's edition gathers into one compact and admirably printed little volume six tracts inspired by the terrible epidemics of bubonic plague in London in 1603 and 1625. Of these six pieces only three have previously been reprinted and only two have been included among Dekker's works. These two are "The Wonderful Years" and "A Rod for Run-awayes." A third piece, "The Meeting of Gallants," has been printed before, though without ascription to any author. Mr. Wilson gives evidence for attributing it to Dekker, but admits that it may be by that "T. M." who wrote "The Blacke Book," and who may well have been Thomas Middleton. The remaining three pamphlets are here reprinted for the first time. Of these "Newes from Graves-end" is by far the most interesting. That it is by Dekker is hardly open to question in view of the evidence of thought and style summarized by Mr. Wilson. In eloquence and vividness its prose matches the best of Dekker's acknowledged work and some of the verse is worthy of his reputation as a lyric poet. "London Looke Backe" and "The Blacke Rod" are the slightest of these productions and in them the instinct to exhort and to edify is more powerful than the desire, so strong in Dekker's earlier years, to depict actual conditions faithfully and realistically. Nevertheless the series of "Plague Pamphlets" would not have been complete without these pieces; and that they are by Dekker seems certain.

Social Cleavages in Texas. A Study of the Proposed Division of the State. By Weston J. McConnell. Columbia University Press. $3.

Dr. McConnell has made an important, although admittedly only a restricted, contribution to a subject which has received all too little attention from American historians, that, namely, of regional political geography and its social reactions. It will be recalled that the joint resolution of Congress under which Texas was admitted to the Union provided, among other things, that not exceeding four States "of convenient size," in addition to the State of Texas, might be formed "out of the territory thereof" and entitled to admission in accordance with the terms of the federal Constitution. Although the country at large appears to have taken little note of it, not a decade has passed since Texas was received in which a more or less energetic agitation of the question of division has not been carried on, and Dr. McConnell is of the opinion that in spite of the failure to use the permission which Congress extended, the provision of the joint resolution is still constitutionally valid and may be availed of whenever the people of the State so desire. The reasons for the repeated agitation of the subject are to be found, as Dr. McConnell shows, in the vast and unwieldy size of the present State, the long distances, in some cases more than 600 miles, which must be traveled to reach the capital, the marked physiographical differences which the area of the State presents, the diverse character of the population, sharp clashing of economic and political interests both during and after the slavery period, and pronounced irritation over sectional influences in State legislation. In the face of such striking contrasts State government seems to have an almost impossible problem, and Dr. McConnell's careful study leaves the impression that the demand for division will continue and that a cutting up of the present area into States which shall recognize the inherent physical and social diversity is ultimately to be expected.

State Rights in the Confederacy. By Frank Lawrence Owsley. The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

Professor Owsley is not the first to suggest that the collapse of the Confederacy was due to internal rather than external causes, but no one has pointed out so convincingly the part which a practical application of the State rights doctrine played in the downfall. Instead of supporting loyally the Confederate Government, the States appear to have systematically obstructed it, and the obstruction was its undoing. A study of the records shows that the States weakened the Confederate armies by maintaining troops of their own, withdrawing thousands of men and great quantities of arms from Confederate service for use in State defense, insisting upon exercising control over the troops in various ways after they had left the State, and impeding the impressment of supplies until the impressment system broke down. "North Carolina had forty cotton mills, and did not allow the Confederate Government a yard of cloth from them for any except North Carolina troops during the entire war." The same policy of obstruction was extended to the blockade, conscription, and the suspension of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus which Professor Owsley regards as necessary. The book, which is thoroughly documented, is one to be reckoned with by whoever shall next undertake to write a history of the Civil War on its political or economic side.

Fundamental Thoughts in Economics. By Gustav Cassel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

Four lectures, delivered at the University of London, in which Professor Cassel sought to embody the significant elements of his contributions to economic theory. They are marked by clarity of exposition and marred by an unnecessary dogmatism.

The Southern Plantation Overseer as Revealed in His Letters. By John Spencer Bassett. Smith College Press.

The plantation overseer has been presented to the American imagination chiefly as the inevitable villain in the romances of the ante-bellum South. Indicted by friend and foe of this social order—witness Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Page—for fiendishness of personal conduct, he has been charged also with mismanagement and swindling which contributed to the precariousness of agricultural effort under the slavery regime. In the present volume facts are brought out which rob the overseer of certain dramatic values but reestablish him as a member of the human family. Professor Bassett bases his study upon a single estate, the Mississippi plantation of James K. Polk, between 1833 and 1858. With notable skill in weaving parts into the whole he has used a series of letters, written by overseers or concerning overseers, to construct a complete plantation history. Primary emphasis is upon the half-dozen officials who in this quarter of a century supervised Polk's plantation business. The individual letters are edited with illuminating comment and excellent chapters of introduction and of summary extend to the general slave-holding area the inferences drawn from the single plantation. The service of the book is larger than to delineate a fairly conspicuous figure of the plantation economy. The letters, together with the author's interpretation, throw frequent incidental gleams upon such aspects of the life of the period as the economic structure, the problems of slave control, and the social psychology of both races. No student of the plantation epoch can neglect this comprehensive and lucid study.

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Art

Words of Cheer for Worms

SECRET societies, as every one knows, are institutions existing essentially for the purpose of keeping people out of them. And the professions, with their dark lore and dazzling words, have, from without as from within, much the same glamor of esotericity. Wherefore the poor layman, convicted and convinced of unworth by his inability to understand and still more to speak the language of the elect, penitently strives to atone for the sin of existing at all by practicing a worm-like humility. He feasts on contempt, fattens on insult, and glories but in passing these on to others less wormy as yet than himself.

But the limit of what even the wormiest of worms will stand has been passed by some of the high priests of modern art. Laymen, standing out of the tall grass of technical difficulties in which the painter has to work, and free also from the critic's debauching need of writing oftener and faster than he can possibly think, are here and there beginning to suspect that just because of this they themselves are not less well but better placed than painter and critic to judge of the aesthetic worth of works of art. For the professionals, praise too often praises but the painter's success in a difficult stunt and obviously success in this sense need nowise carry with it aesthetic worth.

The danger of thus mistaking issues may be illustrated by the rediscovery in modern times of the peculiar aesthetic worth of "form," particularly in the sense of volume, and of composition of volumes in depth. Realization of the beauty of form in space has given us numberless bowls of apples and acres of bulging buttocks and billowing breasts—in which we find plastic form and composition *ad nauseam*, but, alas, often also abounding and wanton ugliness of line, of surface textures, of color, and of subject-matter.

But to say this is to wave the red rag, and at once comes the bull! Subject-matter, we are told, belongs to the "anecdotage" of painting, and our criticism of line and texture is damned as the sign of a cheap and vulgar love of prettiness. If the demand for beauty is admitted at all, we are told at any rate that beauty springs purely from form; that beyond question the form is in the buttocks; and that if we do not see the beauty it is either because we poor worms are yet form-blind or else because ours is still that low level of culture at which the nude is but the naked. And if, perhaps, we happen never to have heard of "form" and of "composition"; or if, having heard of them, we are yet guiltily conscious that our incapacity to discern them and their coy charms may all unawares have caused us to cut them dead when we meet them—if that is indeed our inner case, we then wiggle a little under the lash and feel duly abashed; and the next time we cling virtuously to the calming catchwords and show what good little wormlets we have got to be.

But, on the other hand, it is also just possible that we may be quite aesthetically vertebrate. *Formgefühl* may long have been our own pet form of aesthetic spasm, and we may be well able to appreciate the composition of a picture without being personally conducted through it and having our noses rubbed upon the formally fragrant spots. If this be our case, laymen though we be so far as goes the handling of phrases and of brush, we shall tell our self-appointed critic that if we are not so excited about form as he is it is only because we are not in respect of it quite so *nouveau riche* as himself nor aesthetically so easily satisfied; and that when he proclaims form to be the sole source of aesthetic worth he makes of his own crippled gifts or narrow taste a flag and wigwags to the world the fact that he suffers from aesthetic homiopia. But whether he knows it or not, forms as representation make to beauty a contribution quite distinct in kind from that which they make as composition; and therefore, if they are representative at all, forms cannot without disaster be used in art as if they were abstract.

It is possible, of course, either out of inborn cussedness or under the misguidance of professional amateur-theorists, to train oneself to unconsciousness of the aesthetic values that spring from the nature of the represented objects, the values, namely, called by Mr. Santayana the "expression" of the objects. But such perverse training no more conduces to the fullest appreciation of the beauty of a work than would holding one's nose to the fullest appreciation of the flavor of one's food. We may further insist that beside form, color, and "expression" the texture of surfaces is yet another factor of beauty. And we may thus have occasion to chide our friend for having failed, perhaps, to paint the flesh that he pictures, but instead, by means of the figure, merely insinuated that flesh rather than plaster or putty was what he meant—as wanton a case of the turning of painting to the telling of a story as can well be found.

So ashamed have some painters and critics become of the blindness of other times to the aesthetic importance of form that they have unawares fallen into what the psychoanalysts call overcorrection, and are now unable to find beauty in anything but form. And this was the easier because this matter of the perception of form really furnishes an ideal chance naively to cultivate the thrilling belief that one belongs to the narrow circle of the enlightened. For truly, of the various factors of beauty, form is the most difficult to discern, and if one has once learned to perceive and prize one such thing that the many do not see, the temptation cannot then be withstood to believe the many all wholly blind and oneself omnivident.

C. J. DUCASSE

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International Relations Section

South Tyrol Again

By L. O. N.

IT is said that the peace treaties have created six Alsace-Lorraines in Europe. None of these, however, has become such a grave menace to the peace of the world as South Tyrol, now under the heel of a government which does not appear to care an iota what the world thinks about it. South Tyrol, a country inhabited, according to the recent official Italian census, 95 per cent by Germans and 5 per cent by Italians, has no other help left but public opinion. And the latter is weak indeed in present-day Europe.

The conditions under which the South Tyrolese have lived since the establishment of the Fascist dictatorship are too well known to render it necessary to enumerate them all. Yet some features of Italy's policy toward its new and "redeemed" province are worth recalling. A petition which all the Tyrolese and the Ladinian communities of the annexed province sent as a last desperate effort in February, 1919, to Woodrow Wilson, the man chiefly responsible for the handing over of South Tyrol to its most bitter enemy, gives the background for the present situation:

> And now our home with its thousand-year-old history and civilization, our people with their inbred love of freedom must become Italian? A cry of pain sounds through the whole land at the thought.
>
> It cannot, it must not be that the name of South Tyrol shall be wiped out of history after a brilliant past of a thousand years, and that the free sons of this mountain country shall be forced under a foreign yoke, robbed of their language, their art, and their civilization.
>
> In this decisive hour for us, the whole people turns to you, Mr. President, asking you to be the protector of our people. You coined the great phrase "self-determination of the peoples." You proclaimed world reconciliation. Do not allow more than 200,000 people to be deprived of their national rights.
>
> You, as an American, as a follower of your hero of liberty, George Washington, will understand that liberty is the highest possession of a people and that a free people prefer to perish than to suffer the shame of bondage.
>
> For the Italians, South Tyrol is but a tract of land. For us, it is our home.
>
> This plea is carried over ice-covered mountains to you. Be the just judge for our nationality and our country. Give liberty to South Tyrol as you gave it to others, and the people of South Tyrol will honor your name from generation to generation as the savior of their home.

Wilson never replied to this S O S. Six months later the Austrian Government sent a note to the Allied Powers, who were then meeting in Paris, in which it made a last formal protest against cutting South Tyrol off from its other half. In their reply the Powers said:

> The Allied and Associated Powers are of the opinion that the frontier between Italy and Austria as it was presented to the Austrian delegation in the conditions of peace does not allow of any alteration.
>
> It is clearly to be seen from the declarations made by the Italian Premier in the Parliament at Rome that the Italian Government intends to follow a very liberal policy in its relations with its new subjects of German race as regards language, cultural and economic interests.

How Italy kept her vow is now known. It is sufficient to quote Signor Mussolini himself:

> I saw the danger in South Tyrol; everything had a German character there, officials, teachers, the clergy, the post office, and the railways. Only German was spoken. I have now changed things: I have introduced a zone thirty kilometers wide along the Austrian frontier where people are allowed to settle only by special permission. The Italian language is compulsory in the whole province; all post office officials and railway employees are Italians; Italian families are established everywhere; we intend to send 1,000 families of former soldiers into the land to colonize it. *The country must become Italian.*

Mussolini has succeeded, at least externally, in his policy. He has had the use of the name of the country strictly forbidden. The name comes from the castle Tyrol, which, awkwardly enough for Mussolini, lies in South Tyrol itself, and was even used by Dante in his Inferno. All the South Tyrolese dailies have been suppressed, all the Tyrolese schools and kindergartens have been closed, and the teaching of the native language, even in private, is prohibited. (And this while a royal decree of January 31, 1924, permits the erection of schools and the teaching of Arabic in Cyrenaica and Tripolitania, two Italian colonies in Africa.)

Italian is the only language that may be used in the law courts. In the churches even prayers must be made only in Italian, although the people in general do not speak this language.

Far more serious is the effect of the Italian school law. The results of Italian education, which is notorious for its low standards, are pitiful. According to official Italian statistics (published in the *Corriere della Sera* of February 12, 1926) the population of Sardinia is 49 per cent illiterate. In reality the percentage of illiteracy is far higher in some parts of Italy. South Tyrol, on the other hand, had practically no illiterates before the war. But the situation has changed. In 1926, although it was still at the head of the Italian provinces, South Tyrol was 2 per cent illiterate already and there is little doubt that the figure will rise rapidly. The Italian teachers, who in general have little education themselves, cannot make themselves understood by the Tyrolese children. A number of children are taught in so-called "catacomb" schools, in back rooms and other hidden places, but successful education is impossible under such conditions.

Another of the recent laws for South Tyrol concerns family names, which can be changed at the discretion of the authorities to Italian names—re-Italianized, as Mussolini calls it. This law is the first of its kind in history.

All efforts to change the present regime in South Tyrol have so far failed. In his recent speech on South Tyrol Mussolini boasted:

> I declare with absolute certainty that the Italian policy in South Tyrol will not be altered by a hair's breadth. With cold calculation, according to plan and in Fascist style, we shall put our legislation into effect in South Tyrol. *We will make this province Italian.*

In the same speech he said that the Germans in South Tyrol represent no national minority, but an ethnic relic!

The situation is constantly aggravated by acts of provocation on the part of the new governors. In July the King of Italy was in Bozen, the heart of German South Tyrol, to erect a monument to a certain Cesare Battisti. This man was born in Trient (now Trento) and never had anything to do with Bozen. He was prosecuted in what was then Austria for criminal fraud. During the war he

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deserted in the firing line and was captured later and shot under martial law. Although his wife and son protested against the exploitation of his memory for political purposes, the Italian authorities are erecting a monument to him on the foundation where a war memorial to the Tyrolese soldiers who fell in the war had already been begun. Tyrolese school children were forced to collect money for the monument and 100,000 lire were taken from the city funds of Bozen.

The future of South Tyrol is dark, but whatever changes Fascism may effect there, it must be remembered that while laws change, nations live eternally. The present risorgimento of Italy, admirable as it may look to the outsider and admirable as it is in one way, will never legitimatize the possession of South Tyrol. Today South Tyrol is the cancer of Europe, and if one were to name now the probable causes of the next war the Tyrolese situation would take a chief place among them.

Abyssinia Appeals to the League

SINCE Abyssinia became a member of the League of Nations, she has remained undisturbed in her inland state, surrounded by British, French, and Italian territories. Recently she received notes from Great Britain and Italy, announcing that they had decided to take certain concessions in her territory. Great Britain has long desired to control the waters of the Blue Nile for the irrigation of her Sudan cotton fields by a dam at the headwaters of the river, which happened to be Lake Tsana in Abyssinia. In return Italy would be permitted to build a railway across Abyssinia connecting her territories of Eritrea and Somaliland. This they had arranged between them, without consulting Abyssinia. The Abyssinian Government turned to the League, with the note reprinted below from the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* for August 6.

Our Government recently received from the British and Italian Governments identical notes informing it that these Governments had arrived at an agreement to support each other with a view of obtaining a concession for the British Government to undertake the conservancy of waters of our Lake Tsana and for the Italian Government to construct a railway through our empire. We have been profoundly moved by the conclusion of this agreement, arrived at without our being consulted or informed, and by the action of the two Governments in sending us a joint notification.

In the first place, on our admission to the League we were told that all nations were to be on a footing of equality within the League, and that their independence was to be universally respected, since the purpose of the League is to establish and maintain peace among men in accordance with the will of God. We were not told that certain members of the League might make a separate agreement to impose their views on another member even if the latter considered those views incompatible with its national interests. Secondly, one of the subjects covered by the agreement had already been discussed between the British Government and our own, and the fact that no conclusion had yet been reached was due to reasons of whose nature and importance we were fully aware. We had, however, never given any definite reply.

We cannot help thinking, therefore, that in agreeing to support each other in these matters, and in giving us joint notification of that agreement, the two Governments are endeavoring to exert pressure on us in order to induce us to comply with their demands prematurely, without leaving any time for reflection or consideration for our people's needs.

The people of Abyssinia are anxious to do right, and we have every intention of guiding them along the path of improvement and progress, but throughout their history they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire to possess themselves of Abyssinian territory and to destroy their independence. With God's help, and thanks to the courage of our soldiers, we have always—come what might—stood proud and free upon our native mountains. For this reason prudence is needed when we have to convince our people that foreigners who wish to establish themselves for economic reasons in our country or on the frontiers between it and their possessions are genuinely innocent of concealed political aims, and we doubt whether agreements and joint representations such as those now in question are the best means of instilling that conviction.

Nor must it be forgotten that we have only recently been introduced to modern civilization and that our history, glorious though it be, has not prepared us for ready adjustment to conditions which are often quite beyond the range of our experience. Nature herself has never gone forward by sudden bounds, and no country has been metamorphosed in a night. With our well-known eagerness for progress, given time and the friendly advice of countries whose geographical position has enabled them to outdistance us in the race, we shall be able to secure gradual but continual improvements, which will make Abyssinia great in the future as she has been throughout the past, but if we try to go too fast accidents may happen. We should like to hear from members of the League whether they think it right that means of pressure should be exerted upon us which they themselves would doubtless never accept.

We have the honor to bring to the notice of all states members of the League correspondence which we received in order that they may decide whether that correspondence is compatible with the independence of our country, inasmuch as it includes a stipulation that part of our empire is to be allotted to the economic influence of a given Power. We cannot but realize that economic influence and political influence are very closely bound up together, and it is our duty to protest most strongly against an agreement which, in our view, conflicts with the essential principles of the League of Nations.

The British reply, which was read in Parliament by Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is also reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*.

There is nothing in the Anglo-Italian notes to suggest coercion or the exercise of pressure on the Abyssinian Government. Sir Austen Chamberlain has stated in Parliament that the agreement was certainly not to be used and could not be used for the purpose of coercing the Abyssinian Government. He believed the agreement to be in the interests of all three parties, but added that, of course, the Abyssinian Government had a perfect right to judge of what was in the interests of Abyssinia. His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires was instructed by telegram on July 14 to bring this statement to the knowledge of Ras Tafari. As to the suggestion that the British and Italian Governments are trying to force the Abyssinian Government to yield to their requests in a hurry and without being afforded time for reflection and study of the requirements of the Abyssinian people, I am to point out that in notes exchanged between the British Minister at Addis Ababa and the Abyssinian Government on March 18, 1902, the Emperor Menelik confirmed an oral undertaking given some days previously.

Since the date of this undertaking, which shows that twenty-four years ago the Emperor Menelik contemplated the construction by the British Government of a barrage at Tsana, His Majesty's Government on several occasions made specific proposals in regard to this work, the full effect of which it is now possible to foretell as the result of detailed observations which have been carried out by scientific missions dispatched to the lake with the consent and assistance of the Abyssinian Government.

In these circumstances his Majesty's Government feel that they cannot fairly be charged with proceeding, in regard to

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Lake Tsana, with undue precipitancy. In the concluding paragraph of their protest the Abyssinian Government inquire whether the Anglo-Italian notes can be regarded as compatible with the independence of Abyssinia, especially when these notes state that a portion of Abyssinia will be reserved to the economic influence of a particular Power. Sir Austen Chamberlain desires to emphasize that the Anglo-Italian notes do not reserve any part of Abyssinia to Italian economic influence. His Britannic Majesty's Government, so far as they are concerned and under certain conditions, recognize an exclusive Italian economic influence in the west of Abyssinia and in the whole territory to be crossed by the above-mentioned railway joining Eritrea and Italian Somaliland. This recognition cannot affect the rights of third parties or bind the Government of Abyssinia. It imposes no obligation on anyone except the British Government, who in return for the Italian undertaking in regard to Lake Tsana engage not to compete or to support competition with Italian enterprise in the regions specified. Sir Austen Chamberlain will be happy to repeat these explanations and assurances to Abyssinia in the presence of the Council at its meeting when it takes into consideration the note addressed to you by the Government of Abyssinia.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON, author of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance," takes a snapshot of the universe once a week for *The Nation.*

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation,* recently spent six months in the Orient to get a closer understanding of conditions there.

RICHARD DE BRISAY is a member of the staff of the *Canadian Forum.*

RUTH SAPIN has contributed short stories and articles to various periodicals.

PHILIP SNOWDEN, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the late Labor Government of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

EDWIN MUIR is the author of "We Moderns" and "First Poems."

LOUIS H. BEAN is an agricultural economist in the United States Department of Agriculture.

BEVIER ROBINSON is a graduate of Stanford University and a teacher of political science who has been spending the summer in Wisconsin.

JAMES RORTY won *The Nation's* poetry prize in 1921.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "History and Social Intelligence" and other books.

DOROTHY GRAFFE'S first novel, "Strangers," will be published this autumn.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is an instructor in the Ethical Culture School, New York City.

SYLVIA KOPALD received her doctor's degree from Columbia University. She is the author of "Rebellion in Labor Unions."

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER, professor of anthropology at the New School for Social Research, is the author of "Early Civilization."

C. J. DUCASSE is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Washington.

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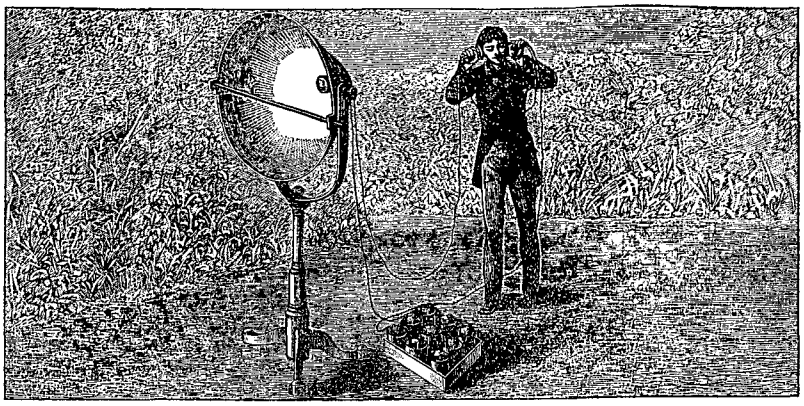

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